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The Week

ANOTHER week of hard fighting has taken place in Spain and the outcome of the rebellion is still, as these lines are written, in doubt. So far as can be judged from news dispatches, the government seems at present to be gaining substantially over its opponents. Past experience would indicate that such a coup as the Spanish monarchist-fascist forces attempted usually wins after a brief campaign or not at all. Despite the insistence of the Italian government that it is maintaining neutrality, the European capitals continue to reflect the fear that the Spanish affair might result in war because of support for the rebels by Italy and Germany and for the Spanish government by France and the Soviet Union. Both the Italian and the German governments made sharp protests to Spain because of incidents in which their nationals were involved. . . . A fascist dictatorship on the Italian model has been set up in Greece, apparently with the consent, however reluctantly given, of King George II. John Metaxas, the dictator, has made the customary announcement that he is fighting the forces of radicalism. . . . The Olympic Games in Berlin have been marked by a series of victories scored by American Negro athletes, to the apparent displeasure of the Nazis who of course regard the Negro race as inferior. . . . The German government has withdrawn two types of undervalued currency formerly employed in trade with the United States, presumably as a reprisal against the American action in canceling most-favored-nation treatment. . . . The World Jewish Congress, meeting in Switzerland, listened to reports of anti-Semitism from many lands.

WHAT is probably the most important development in the history of American labor came to its climax last week when the American Federation of Labor ordered the dissolution of the Committee for Industrial Organization and took preliminary steps toward ousting ten of the twelve unions involved. Among them these unions have about one million members, roughly one-third of the entire A.F. of L. . . . As Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice prepared for its convention in Cleveland, state chairmen of the pro-Roosevelt Labor's Non-Partisan League gathered in Washington and listened to predictions of a true labor party in 1940. The anti-Roosevelt Jeffersonian Democrats gathered in Detroit but cannily declined to bolt the Democratic Party. . . . The government crop report confirmed the opinion that the present drought is the worst in American history. The estimated corn crop has been reduced by 800,000,000 bushels in a month; there will be barely enough wheat for domestic use and production of nearly all other foodstuffs is sharply curtailed. Relief plans are being made on "a disaster basis." . . . In Ohio, Illinois and other states, suffering among the unemployed was reported as New Jersey's example was copied and relief reduced to or below the barest subsistence level. . . . The Republican press made much of a report that the Roosevelt administration has come to terms with the Huey Long machine in Louisiana, obtaining its political support in exchange for the

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cancellation of income-tax proceedings against some of its members and a restoration of federal patronage. . . . Charges of espionage were made against the Radio Corporation of America by the Philco Radio and Television Corporation, as New Jersey authorities considered accusations that the R.C.A.-Victor Company had violated the new federal law prohibiting the transportation of strikebreakers across state lines.

A DISPATCH to The New York Times from its correspondent in Gibraltar, Mr. Frank L. Kluckhorn, indicates that the British government is intervening in behalf of the Spanish fascist rebels in a much more effective manner than the fascist governments of either Italy or Germany. The British navy is patrolling the straits of Gibraltar and the battleship "Queen Elizabeth" has been placed across the entrance to the harbor. No more fighting, it is announced, will be permitted in these waters. This means that the Spanish government cannot renew its attack on Algeciras, which was recently shelled by the loyalist battleship "Jaime I." Algeciras is in the hands of the rebels, and is one of the principal ports of debarkation for rebel troops from Morocco. The rebels had been forced to detach troops on the mainland for its defense; these soldiers are now released for the march on Madrid. Under the guise of neutrality, the British government thus frees rebel army movements from Spanish government interference. It is true that British lives have been endangered, one subject having been killed on his yacht by a shell from a rebel warship. But the present action, according to Mr. Kluckhorn's report, has enabled General Franco to send a transport across the strait and land more Moroccans. "All the British here," he writes,

> refer to the Madrid government as the "Communists" and there is no doubt where British sympathies now lie, encouraged by the statement of General Francisco Franco, leader of the rebels, that he is not especially coöperating with Italy.

EUROPEAN newspapers, it seems, have been asking for an expression of Governor Landon's views on foreign affairs. Anxious to oblige, the North American Newspaper Alliance has obtained a statement of the Governor's opinion on international questions, which has been approved by Mr. Landon. The article begins: "Governor Landon is not an isolationist." It then goes on to list the policies he advocates, which substantiate this view. "He does not believe in mixing the United States into foreign political entanglements. . . . He may be expected to urge the settlement of foreign debts owing to the United States. . . . Governor Landon does not plan or expect to attempt to bring the United States into the League of Nations. . . . We will join in no plan which would take from us that independence of judgment which has made the United States a power for good in the world. . . . Governor Landon believes in the protection of the home markets to the farmers of the United States." (He would, however, encourage foreign commerce through reciprocal trade agreements, and also—shades of Mr. Hoover—by making loans to industrialists in foreign countries.) Mr. Landon, of course, does not explain how he proposes to abandon isolation when he will have practically nothing to do with the League of Nations or any similar body. He offers no hint as to how he would collect the war debts while keeping American foreign trade virtually on a barter basis. Neither does he explain the means of repayment of his proposed private loans abroad when the domestic market is protected for the benefit of home producers. He doesn't explain anything about isolation. Still, he is not an isolationist; he says so himself.

REPRESENTATIVE Marion Zioncheck, who committed suicide last week, had obviously been mentally unbalanced for many months. The newspapers, notoriously naïve in such matters, had assumed he was responsible for his actions and had criticized him on that unwarranted theory. The ending of his life was a tragedy which should not, however, be allowed to obscure his earlier achievements. Born in an atmosphere of poverty and oppression in what was then Austro-Hungary, he came to the United States as an immigrant boy and worked in the lumber camps of the Pacific Northwest. He attended the University of Washington where, despite financial difficulties, he made a good record both in the classroom and outside of it. As a young attorney he campaigned ably for the public ownership of electric power and led the successful fight for the recall of Mayor Edwards of Seattle, the friend of the private power interests. In his early days in Congress he did useful service by exposing the use of the National Guard in strikebreaking, and was a consistent opponent of excessive military expenditures. Were it not for the mental malady which overtook him six months ago, he would probably have been a candidate for governor. As a candidate he would have had, in the opinion of many competent Washington observers, a good chance of success.

CHIEF Nazi propagandist Goebbels managed for some time to evade the issue raised by American Olympic athletes. He attributed their success over the Reich's representatives to the "black auxiliaries" who won the four flat races from 100 to 800 meters, the broad jump and the high jump, as well as numerous other points. How he could do this and at the same time maintain the attitude that the Negro race was inferior to all "Aryans" will be no puzzle to the American Southerners who rejoice over the superiority of American athletes and at the same time sternly announce that the Negroes must be kept in their place. But at least everyone agrees that the long lead of the United States team in the unofficial point score is chiefly due to the effort of Owens, Metcalf, Williams, Woodruff, Johnson and

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the others of their race. This point score, however, is not widely discussed in Germany, Dr. Goebbels having developed another system which puts the Reich in the lead. In the total number of medals awarded Germany is well ahead, having reaped a good many in the fields of architecture, painting and other accompaniments of the athletic games, and this fact is frequently and happily announced by the German press. This is natural enough, it seems to us, and certainly makes a good substitute for the sports victories Goebbels would probably prefer. But there is still a thorn in the vehement Doctor's side. The decathlon competition, probably partly because of the presence among the contenders of a favored German champion and the absence of any American Negro, was widely heralded in the Reich as the real test of an athlete. This interpretation continued until the competition was nearly over, when it became obvious that white athletes from the United States would take the three first places, the winner setting a new world's record for the competition. Now Dr. Goebbels must do one of two things, either claim that Glenn Morris, the decathlon champion, is a whitewashed "black auxiliary," or that Owens and all the rest are slightly sunburned Aryans.

THE National Conference of Christian Ministers and Laymen, which is meeting this week-end in Asheville, North Carolina, has an innocent-sounding name; but if advance information is correct, its purposes are very far from being as mild and respectable as its title. The conference is, in fact, a collection of professional patriots and anti-Semites whose general principles run roughly parallel to those of Hitler. Among the individuals who are said either to have endorsed the gathering or to have promised to be present are Mrs. Dilling, the lady patriot who wrote "The Red Network"; Harry A. Jung, of the American Vigilante Intelligence Federation of Chicago; Royal Scott Gulden of the Order of '76; Howland Spencer of the Highland Post, Highland-on-Hudson; James True of Washington, D. C.; and, incredible as it may seem, Dr. E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton. We hope to furnish our readers with more details about this remarkable meeting in a later issue.

FOR many years, inventors have been toying with the idea of utilizing directly the energy contained in the sun's rays. Numerous experiments have been made in which sunshine, concentrated through mirrors, is directed against a boiler to heat water and thousands of primitive devices of this type are now in use, particularly in tropical and arid regions. Now comes the announcement that Dr. C. G. Abbot, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has invented an advance type of "solar engine," nearly four times as efficient as any previous device of its sort. The scientists from fifty nations who will gather in Washington in September for the Third World Power Conference will see a demonstration of this engine. In Dr. Abbot's device, metal sheets, which take the place of mirrors, concentrate the sun's rays upon small tubes of pyrex glass. These contain a special chemical compound which attains a heat of 400 degrees Fahrenheit and is circulated through water boilers producing steam which in turn operates a steam engine. Such solar engines can be built in any size and can be used for numerous purposes. Water can be pumped for irrigation or for the creation of hydroelectric power, in turn making possible refrigeration, air conditioning, cooking, heating, etc. Dr. Abbot, who has for many years had a distinguished reputation as a scientist, states that his engine can already compete successfully with coal at a price of $3 a ton, and that if it were necessary, the present use of coal or oil in stationary engines could be abandoned without any economic catastrophe.

American Labor Divides

NO MORE reckless or unstatesmanlike action has ever been taken by the conservative trade-unionists who dominate the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor than the suspension of the unions comprising the Committee for Industrial Organization, with their membership of more than a million workers, or over one-third of those affiliated with the Federation. Throughout the world labor is under desperate attack, and factions that have been bitterly hostile to one another are everywhere else uniting for mere self-preservation. The lesson of Germany, where the division among unions and labor parties paved the way for the tyranny of Hitler, with his complete destruction of the labor movement and his cruel persecution of its leaders, has elsewhere been learned. At this moment in Spain, Socialists, Syndicalists and Communists are jointly sacrificing their lives to repel a reactionary rebellion. In France all the parties and unions of the Left have fused their forces in defense of democracy.

In America the labor movement is weaker than in any of these countries, and the forces of reaction are, though not so united and violent for the time being, fundamentally stronger than abroad. Organized labor itself does not include most of the workers in industry; there is no check on the practices of the most powerful industrial absolutists either in the shop or at the ballot box. For years the A.F. of L. has toyed with the problem of organizing the great masses in the large basic industries, without making much progress.

At last the men from a number of the ablest and most successful unions bent their backs to the task, challenging the strongest center of anti-unionism in the country—the steel industry. For this action they have been suspended from the official labor movement. Deliberately to split the ranks in the face of a decisive battle with the enemy can go down in the history of labor as nothing less than high treason to

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the cause which the A.F. of L. has always pretended to serve.

The conservatives in the A.F. of L. Council accuse the C.I.O. of responsibility for the split, and present in their defense a complicated though dubious legalistic justification. But the most careful consideration of their case makes the record even more damning, for it shows their utter inability to understand the crisis that labor faces, their complete distortion of values, their picayune jealousy of power in a situation where large vision is demanded. Assume that every one of their arguments is valid; still a trace of magnanimity, an iota of responsibility for the fate of labor as a whole, would have dictated a more conciliatory course.

What is the record, in brief? The New Deal, with its Section 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act, and its sympathetic federal administration, appeared to offer an unparalleled opportunity for labor organization. Workers everywhere surged forward, calling for unions. Some of the most energetic unions—notably the miners, the clothing and garment workers—supplied this need in their own fields, immensely strengthening their positions. But the hitherto unorganized mass-production industries were left almost without leadership. In the 1934 A.F. of L. Convention there were many calls for organization of these workers on the industrial basis—a basis they themselves demanded. The Executive Council was instructed to act at its discretion, granting such national union charters as were necessary.

During the next year it acted feebly, granting charters in automobiles and rubber which excluded certain skilled workers in the industries concerned, and refusing industrial-union charters in radio, aluminum, cement, oil, public utility, gas and by-product coke industries. The jurisdictional claims of the existing craft unions to membership in these industries dominated the Council's action. Yet the craft unions could not, for the most part, organize them. Virtually no progress was made before the 1935 Convention. At this Convention a spirited attack was made on the Executive Council's policy, led by John L. Lewis of the miners. More than thirty industrial-union resolutions were introduced. They were reported unfavorably by the resolutions committee and voted down on a roll-call vote, 18,000 to 10,000.

This occasioned the formation of the Committee for Industrial Organization, comprising the miners, clothing and garment workers, typographers, textile workers and others who had been in the minority in the Convention vote. Its announced purpose was to organize the unorganized of the mass-production industries into unions affiliated with the A.F. of L., but on the industrial basis. It thus proposed to do what the Executive Council and the craft unions had failed in doing. A sample of its intent was its agreement to help the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers—one of the oldest A.F. of L. unions—to organize all the workers in the steel industry, appropriating $500,000 to do so, and commissioning a large group of organizers. It did not propose, however, to take away any actual members of the craft unions in industries where they were already well organized. It specifically disclaim any intention on its part of trying to make the industrial form of organization universal or absolute.

At this point the struggle of the craft unions to prevent invasion of their theoretical jurisdiction in unorganized fields took on the form of A.F. of L. legalism based on high-sounding principles. The C.I.O. was condemned by the Executive Council as being a "dual" organization, in competition with the A.F. of L., and its dissolution was requested. The Committee replied that it was "trying to remove the roots of dualism by making it possible for the millions of mass-production workers now outside the A.F. of L. to enter on the only basis they will accept —industrial unions." The Executive Council then issued an ultimatum to the C.I.O., demanding its dissolution, on threat of suspension of the constituent unions. The C.I.O. refused to dissolve, asking a bill of particulars. The Executive Council deferred action, pending the filing of written charges. These were at length prepared, alleging dualism and the fomenting of rebellion within the Federation. The offending unions were summoned to formal trial. They declined to appear, contending that the Executive Council had no right to suspend, but that the issue must be decided by the Convention. In their absence they were tried and suspended. This deprives them of votes in the Convention and thus pre-determines the Convention's action—that is, if the line-up remains substantially the same as it was before.

The most generous possible view of the Executive Council's action would admit that there is some substance to its charge that the C.I.O. represents an attempt at "minority rule"—since it is striving to do something that the members of the Committee failed in persuading the 1935 Convention fully to sanction. Such a view would also take into consideration the long tradition of labor discipline within the Federation, which insists on obedience to the unions' constituted authorities. This, since the Federation is a voluntary association, can be enforced only by banishment from its ranks. One may admit in general the undesirability of encouraging "dual" unions, or those which compete with others already established. Though the Executive Council has never before suspended a national union without specific authorization from the Convention, and its right to do so under the Federation's Constitution is highly questionable, one may even grant, for the sake of argument, that this action was formally legal. The fact still remains that the real offense of the suspended unions is making a vigorous attempt to strengthen the labor movement by organizing the unorganized in mass-production industries, and that the only real objection to this action lies in the technical jurisdictional claims of the craft unions to the

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membership of workers that they have been unable to organize.

Accommodation of the differences would readily have been possible if the conservative leaders had been willing to waive these claims; they were not threatened by the new movement where their organizations already were strong. The only possible inference is that their point of view was too narrow and formalistic to include consideration of the good of labor as a whole. No genuine compromise was offered by them. Their only terms were dissolution of the organizing committee and abandonment of its effort to organize.

Unfortunate as the division is, the rank and file need not suffer greatly from it if the common sense of the union members can henceforth dominate their leaders' action. The compromise possible in theory can be effectuated in practice, if the Executive Council will now be content with having vindicated its dignity, and does not press the warfare. The C.I.O. can go ahead with its organizing campaign as before, if the A.F. of L. does not actively help the steel employers by conducting a rival campaign and otherwise sabotaging its efforts. The C.I.O. will be wise in continuing to refrain, as it has announced its intention to do, from invasion of the ranks of craft unions where they are already established. Its enemies are not the members of these unions, but their officials in Washington. If the organization campaigns succeed, the C.I.O. will in the end be far more powerful as a labor body than the A.F. of L. itself. Labor has everything to lose and nothing to gain by remaining divided; let us hope that it will recognize this fact before it is too late.

Lincoln Steffens: Socrates in the Sanctum

LINCOLN STEFFENS had a talent for human relations that has probably never been equaled among American writers or public men (and he was both). He liked almost everybody: that was his secret. Candid, deceptively simple, curious about the why and the what-next of everything people did, he was able to awaken the talent that slept in other men, whether they were literary fumblers or practical politicians. He was a great editor because he was able to bring out the best in his collaborators. McClure's, The American Magazine and Everybody's all owed a share of their success and their millions of readers to his advice, which usually came in the form of innocent questions. He did not go around telling people and bossing. He was Socrates in the sanctum.

When he set out to write his famous articles, "The Shame of the Cities," he was Socrates in a Pullman smoker and Socrates in the city hall. He continued to ask his alarmingly candid questions, but this time he directed them to crooked bosses and self-satisfied millionaires. They were almost always answered: the scholarly reformer with bangs and a thin pointed beard had a talent for inspiring confidence. William Randolph Hearst said that Steffens was the best interviewer he had ever met. Perhaps that was a defect in Steffens' character: he was too good an interviewer, too willing to see the world through the other man's eyes, too much inclined to trust in return for being trusted. In the McNamara case, this quality resulted in his greatest failure. But in general Steffens was saved from too much softness by a continually inquiring mind that asked questions of himself as well as others.

His self-questioning led him finally to a philosophy that neither popular-magazine editors nor their readers were willing to accept—a sort of American-pioneer communism colored by his faith in the future. He spent the last years of his life in California, fighting the intolerance and mob spirit of a state that has moved a long way toward fascism. He fought fairly and temperately, but his opponents had other methods. They spread abroad the rumor (and finally convinced themselves) that this bedridden man of seventy was receiving Moscow gold and paying it over to the San Francisco longshoremen, not merely to cause a strike, but to foment a violent revolution of which he would be the Lenin. They had him dogged by spies and tried to put dictographs in his sickroom. And they would not talk to him, for fear that his simple Socratic questions would drive away their nightmares.

The Lemke-Coughlin Remedy

MR. ARTHUR LE SUEUR, veteran Non-Partisan Leaguer, takes The New Republic to task in a letter in this issue for opposing the new Union Party's monetary prescription for the ills of the country. Though in the past we have discussed many times such matters as inflation and control of credit, the subject is a hardy perennial and now demands attention again.

Mr. Le Sueur's first point is that the farm mortgage refinancing plan embodied in the Frazier-Lemke bill is not inflationary and hence bears no relation to the greenback movement of the past century. Under it, the government would issue paper money directly to farmers so that they could pay off their mortgages, taking in exchange new mortgages at a lower rate of interest. This, argues Mr. Le Sueur, does not differ in principle from the existing Farm Credit Administration plan of selling bonds with which to refinance farm mortgages, except that in the Frazier-Lemke plan the government would not pay any interest on the money, as it does when it sells bonds. Of course the interest paid by the farmers would be lower, also. In both cases, the argument runs, the "security" behind the money issued is the same—the security is the property mortgaged.

It may be granted at once that the immediate effect on prices or business activity would be the

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same in both instances, if the same amount of new money were put into circulation. It makes no immediate difference whether additional money spent is printed by government fiat, or borrowed from banks, which have the legal right to print and issue it. If money in circulation increases, while goods and services offered for sale do not increase, the tendency is for prices to rise, as long as the money is acceptable to the sellers. In this respect, even pure fiat money is no more inflationary than money exchangeable for gold—or than money "secured" by farm mortgages. It is the relationship between the amount of money and the total of goods and services that counts.

The difference arises in the matter of future tendency. When the government borrows money, the necessity of paying interest upon it puts a brake on government spending, and there is an end to borrowing somewhere, depending on the condition of the government's credit. Another limiting point is fixed by the banks' ability to issue money and make loans. These must not, by law, exceed a certain maximum ratio to the banks' reserves. Government bonds are not legal reserves; neither are farm mortgages. The money and loans issued by banks are really based, not upon instruments of this kind, but upon gold, gold certificates and other lawful money. Therefore it is felt that a policy of government borrowing is less likely to lead to extreme inflation than the spending of money direct from the government printing press. If Congress once gets to voting that a few billion dollars be printed for this purpose, and another few billion for that, there may be no stopping point at all. In this sense, the Frazier-Lemke bill may embody an inflationary *tendency* to a greater degree than the F.C.A.

Mr. Le Sueur's next point is that the Federal Reserve Board, by increasing the reserve requirements 50 percent, "deflated to the extent of $1,450,000,000." Similar deflation by the banks, he adds, caused the crash of 1929. Both contentions are easily proved erroneous. After the recent order of the Federal Reserve Board, there still remain nearly $2,000,000,000 of excess reserves—that is, reserves against which no money and credit have been issued. That means that purchasing power in circulation could still increase about $20,000,000,000, as far as any limitations imposed by reserves are concerned. The action thus can hardly be called deflationary; it is merely a safeguard against the future increase of credit by more than $20,000,000,000. Nor was it any scarcity of reserves that caused the crash of 1929. The banking system had not then reached the limits of credit expansion imposed by reserves, which were ample. The causes of the depression lay much deeper than that.

It should also be pointed out that while the banking system of the country is still privately owned, the central credit policy is now controlled by the Federal Reserve Board, which consists of presidential appointees. Thus there is more centralization of credit power under the government than previously. Even so, this control is, we believe, insufficient either to expand purchasing power during a depression or to check an inflationary boom. The banking system as a whole is still a very weak structure, and we have advocated complete national ownership—but not, as Father Coughlin seems to do, for the purpose of making inflation possible. We do not even hope that a banking policy aimed at stabilization could remedy the worst defects of our economy. Many things are wrong besides the possibility of either too much or too little money.

The weakness of the program of the Union Party is that it ignores the worst defects of our system while leading people to think that issuance of enough money would be a complete remedy. Expansion of credit is of course desirable at times, but not always; and it is an accompaniment, not a first cause, of heightened business activity. As long as prices, profits, production, wages, investments and savings are not geared to a program of abundance, unlimited pouring of money into the system is likely to lead merely to profiteering, with actual hardship for those on wages, salaries and fixed incomes, and to an eventual collapse of the whole structure.

A Cable from Spain

WE PRESENT below a cablegram received on the eve of going to press from a reliable special correspondent of The New Republic in Spain. It offers an interesting offset to some of the pro-fascist material now appearing in certain sections of the daily press. Our correspondent cables:

In order to understand the monarchist character of the present Spanish revolt, it must be remembered that Rivera, leader of the avowedly fascist forces, has been a monarchist. Sotello, the acknowledged leader of the monarchists, stated in the Cortes shortly before his death that a monarchy could not be reëstablished without the aid of fascism. Robles, leader of the Catholics, has cooperated openly with both monarchists and fascists. March, one of Spain's richest men, is a financial backer of the rebellion, thus establishing the revolt as being not merely a military putsch, but a well planned attempt by all the Right-wing groups, working together, to set up a fascist dictatorship modeled on those of Germany and Italy. This interpretation is corroborated by the interview in The London News Chronicle of July 29 with Franco, as well as by documents that have been seized in the Madrid files of Gil Robles.

A high government official told me this revolt was decided upon eight months ago. The killing of Sotello was only the spark to set off the conflagration.

On the other hand, it can be stated authoritatively that no proletarian revolution is taking place. All parties, including the anarchists, are solidly supporting the government. The position of Azaña

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"The Nazis Are Kind to Women"

The document below throws an interesting light on the well known boast of the German Nazis that under their philosophy woman holds an especially important place—not, of course, in competition with men, but in the proper feminine sphere. It was prepared by a German woman who was a political prisoner herself and escaped only a few months ago, and is vouched for by the International Relief Association, sponsored by Dr. Albert Einstein, Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Morris Cohen, Dr. Charles A. Beard and many others. The list of women killed by the Nazis was prepared by the Association itself. The full text of both documents, which are published here only in part, may be obtained from the American Committee, International Relief Association, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.—THE EDITORS.

THE WHOLE world knows about the German concentration camps. Stories of life in these centers of Nazi "culture" have been told and retold to the point of monotony. Survivors have written their experiences for horrified audiences: men beaten; men killed; men driven into insanity; men shot "while attempting to escape." Very little has been told about women in concentration camps.

The Nazis don't want it known that concentration camps for women exist, where these loyal mates of anti-fascists are systematically tortured to reveal the whereabouts of their menfolk. The camps serve the Nazis well by isolating the staunch women who carry on the fight against Hitler. It is impossible to exaggerate the plight of these women; the facts that follow give only a partial picture.

There is a woman's concentration camp in Hohenstein, Saxony, where, toward the end of 1935, there were forty-four prisoners, of whom thirty-three were held as hostages for wanted men. One woman was the mother of three little children from two to six years old. She was flung into the camp when her husband, a functionary in the Social Democratic Party, managed to escape just before the Gestapo was to have seized him. And her children? The last news she had of them, when she was brought to the camp, was that they were going to be brought up in a Nazi children's camp.

Another prisoner, whose husband was being hunted by the secret police, was brought in. For a week she was questioned and cross-examined by the commandant, but she refused to give any information. For this she was beaten into unconsciousness and the prison doctor later found that she had concussion of the brain. The oldest prisoners in the camp are two women who are over seventy. The charge against them is that they are members of a religious organization—the Society of Serious Bible Students.

Discipline in these concentration camps is more severe than in a Prussian barracks. The women must line up in the morning for roll call, make their beds, clean the bunks, etc. Hygienic conditions are less than primitive. There are scarcely any facilities for personal cleanliness. The prisoners are kept busy washing the clothes of the guards and of the inmates of the men's concentration camps.

The camp has no women supervisors. The guards are S.A. men who have free access to the prisoners' living quarters at any time of the day or night. The young girls are constantly exposed to the abuse of these men. One of the girls became pregnant and was thrown into the camp jail, where she bore her child. A favored method of extracting information or punishing infractions of discipline is to throw the offender into the so-called *Stehbunker,* a dark hole so narrow that one is forced to remain standing. Here the woman is kept for several days on a diet of dry bread and water.

In the concentration camp at Mohringen there is one toilet for seventy-two women. There are only backless wooden benches to sit on, so that the women cannot even rest after a long day's work. Almost all of them become ill and receive very inadequate medical attention. In the so-called hospital there is room for only four patients. Last spring many women were ill with grippe. They had to lie on their straw mats in unheated, stinking rooms. A young woman who was being held as hostage for her brother-in-law, Deputy Suhr of the Bavarian Diet, ran a temperature of 104° and received no treatment. It took her months to recover. A young woman who had a miscarriage in the eighth month and lost her child, contracted puerperal fever. The camp director reported the case to Berlin, whereupon three Gestapo officials were sent to the camp and they cross-examined the woman for hours, hoping that in her weakened state she would divulge some information. Another woman who had borne a child in the camp had her baby immediately taken away from her on the ground that she could not bring it up in the spirit of Nazism.

Many of these women have been under "protective" arrest for more than three years although there are no charges against them. Centa Baimler and her sister Maria Bengler have been held since 1933 as hostages for Deputy Baimler, who escaped from the Dachau concentration camp. For two years and nine months they lived in the women's prison at Stadelheim, from which they were taken to the Mohringen Concentration Camp. Their state of health is alarming. At the time of their arrest Mrs. Baimler's twelve-year-old son was taken to a

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Nazi institution for "compulsory reëducation." As a result of pressure brought by friends living abroad he was released and taken out of Germany.

The story of Mrs. Elsa Steinfurth, who was arrested in 1933 and sentenced to one year in prison, proves the incredible brutality of the Nazis. While in prison, she learned of the arrest of her husband, who had devoted himself to the fight for the aid of political prisoners. In 1934, he and three other prisoners were "shot while trying to escape." The other three were John Scheer, Rudy Schwarz and Eugen Schoenhaar. The news reached Mrs. Steinfurth in her cell. Her prison term ended in the fall of 1934, but she was not released because the Nazis were afraid she would spread the story of the horrible conditions in the women's prison. She was removed to the concentration camp at Mohringen.

But the relatives of Marxists are not the only victims of Nazi atrocities. For months the sister of the "Serious Bible Student," Rudy Meissner, a widow with a child, has been kept in prison as hostage for her brother, who fled from Nazi terror. In Chemnitz, the wife of the Social Democrat Franz Mueller, who had escaped to Czechoslovakia, was imprisoned. She had gone to see her husband and upon her return was arrested. For eleven months she has been held as hostage although she has four children from six to twelve years of age who have nobody to care for them.

In the Zeitz trial a whole family (Mr. and Mrs. Krause were seventy and sixty-four years old, respectively) were taken as hostage for their two sons, who fled. Mr. and Mrs. Krause are kept in prison although they are both seriously ill and suffering from a nervous breakdown. Their daughter-in-law is also in prison and her ten-year-old son was put into a Nazi school for compulsory reëducation.

The Nazis introduced a system of torture that rivals those of the Middle Ages. How skillfully they utilize it was shown at the Wuppertal trial. The women defendants, forty of them, were just as badly treated as the men. A favorite method was to beat them in the presence of their husbands or other members of their families in an effort to make them break down and give further information. At the trial they showed physical evidence of their treatment. Their suffering was increased because they were not told what had become of their children. A textile worker, Ida Ahrweiler, mother of seven children, was subjected to such tortures that she lost her mind. She had to be taken to an insane asylum, but that did not prevent the judges from condemning her to a severe hard-labor sentence. There were many war-widows who were active supporters of anti-war propaganda. These women received especially brutal treatment and long sentences of hard labor. Mrs. Lindemann, the wife of a man who was severely injured in the last war, received four years of hard labor for her anti-war propaganda in a factory.

The worst conditions imaginable exist in the women's concentration camp at Fuhlsbuettel, near Hamburg. While being "questioned," a nineteen-year-old girl was kicked in the stomach by the nailed boot of an S.A. man. She lost consciousness and was dragged into her cell, where she was left. The attendants had special orders not to pay any attention to her. When she later told the doctor what had happened, he reported the case to the camp director, whereupon the girl was again cross-examined and mistreated. "If you should tell anything when you get out of here, we will take it out on your parents," was the threat she received along with the most indecent insults. After the hearing she spent eight days in jail and nine weeks in solitary confinement. At Fuhlsbuettel they also held a pregnant woman under "protective arrest." She received no milk to drink. When she was about to give birth the doctor put his hand on her body and said, "Oh, don't make so much fuss. You are only in the seventh month." He did not even permit her to remove her clothes. The same night the child was born, on the stone floor of the prison cell.

Women Killed by the Nazis

1933

Unknown Woman: "Shot while trying to escape" on February 1, 1933, in Stuttgart, as reported in the Vossische Zeitung, February 2, 1933.

Sonnhof, Kaethe: Duisburg, worker, C. P.—shot, Vossische Zeitung, February 2, 1933.

Struth, Wilhelmine: Wife of worker from Hamborn, shot by S. A.

Unknown Woman: Duisburg, Hochfeld, worker, shot on February 2, 1933, Vossische Zeitung, February 3, 1933.

Unknown Girl: Worms, killed on March 2, 1933, when the Nazis took over a workers' club, Vossische Zeitung, March 3, 1933.

Schuhhold, Kaethe: Duisburg, presumably killed in prison.

Unknown Woman: Seventy-five years old, from Breslau, murdered on March 5, 1933, Vossische Zeitung, March 6, 1933.

Messing, Grete: Worker from Selb, Bavaria, shot in the street on March 6, 1933, Wiener Arbeiter Zeitung, March 10, 1933.

Mrs. Laufer: Killed with her son on March 8, 1933, in Wuppertal.

Unknown Woman: Grottendorf, Saxony, bayoneted to death on March 13, 1933, when her husband was arrested.

Arbets: Worker from Gladback-Rheydt, "shot while trying to escape" on March 24, 1933.

Mrs. Meyer: Driven to suicide with her husband and child in Frankfurt-am-Main, April 1, 1933.

Mrs. Philippstal: Biesdorf, Berlin, driven to suicide with her children because her husband had been murdered by the S. A., April 4, 1933, Wiener Arbeiter Zeitung, April 9, 1933.

Mrs. Rotter: Wife of the Berlin Theatre director, who was held up with her husband by Nazis in Vaduz, Lichtenstein, and thrown off a cliff, April 5, 1933, Strassburger Neueste Nachrichten, April 9, 1933.

Katz, Lina: Daughter of Fritz Scheidemann, driven to suicide on May 7, 1933, in Berlin, Frankfurter Zeitung, May 8, 1933.

Neppach, Nelly: Tennis instructress, driven to suicide in Berlin, Frankfurter Zeitung, May 8, 1933.

Pfülf, Toni: Public-school teacher in Munich, member of the Reichstag, Social Democratic Party, driven to suicide on June 9, 1933.

Wagner, Klara: Secretary at Berlin—Treptow, shot, July 28, 1933.

Mrs. Meyer: Wife of Professor Meyer of the Berlin Western Hospital, driven to suicide with her husband on December 1, 1933.

1934

Schaefer, Anna: Worker, murdered in jail in Singen (Hohentwiel) end of January, 1934. Announced as suicide.

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Schleicher, Elizabeth: Wife of General von Schleicher, shot, June 30, 1934.

Mrs. Zweig: Shot on June 30, 1934, in Hirschberg.

Pieper, Gertrud: Worker, tortured to death in the Brandenburg concentration camp in September, 1934.

Mrs. Worch: Social Democratic Party, Langewiesen, wife of the former Mayor, held as hostage for her escaped husband, tortured to death on October 1, 1934. Recorded as suicide.

Weck, Helene: Zwickau, murdered in jail, October 31, 1934.

Kropp, Maria: Essen, murdered in prison, 1934.

1935

Von Berg-Falkenhayn, Anita: Condemned to death for treason on February 16, 1935. Beheaded on February 19, 1935.

Miss von Natzmer: Secretary in the Ministry of the Reichswehr, beheaded for treason on February 19, 1935.

Glatzen, Helene: Member of the Diet in Saxony, Communist, tortured to death in Halle on April 23, 1935.

Mrs. Lasch: Thirty-four years old, so brutally tortured on May 28, 1935, that on May 30, 1935, she died of her injuries in the Grafenberg insane asylum.

Huebsch, Lucie: Kiel, arrested in Hamburg in June, 1935, and atrociously tortured. No trace of her has been found since and it is believed that she was murdered by the Gestapo.

Boetzer, Erika: Museum curator, sentenced in the Socialist Workers' Party trial of November and December, 1934. Caught tuberculosis in jail and died from it in November, 1935.

Paxmann, Liesel: Student, convicted in Dresden at the beginning of December, 1935. Recorded as suicide.

Bollmann, Minna: Social Democrat, member of the Diet from Halberstadt, convicted and recorded as suicide, December, 1935.

Schumann, Anna: Communist, died in December, 1935, at the state prison in Bautzen as a result of the withholding of medical attention.

Mrs. Schwinge: Housewife from Neugersdorf near Dresden, wife of an imprisoned worker, ostensibly hung herself in December, 1935.

Walter, Margarethe: Worker from Neukölln, Berlin, Communist, twenty-one years old, tortured to death by the Gestapo in December, 1935. Recorded as suicide.

Mrs. Werk: Wife of a Social Democratic leader, driven to so-called suicide in prison, December, 1935.

Class War Among the Nations

THESE summer months are for Europe a period of pause and adjustment. In the background lie the two smashing, irremediable successes won by the dynamic powers, Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland, and Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia. The future bristles with question-marks: where next will these dissatisfied powers erupt—Danzig, Memel, Czechoslovakia, Austria or Spain? When the Versailles system of legality is again challenged, will the forward drive discover the Western powers in any posture of action? Will they drift and retreat, as before, while their League of Nations registers a pedantic and ineffectual protest against the accomplished fact? Will they at last organize collective resistance? Or will they do what they have never done before—meet the dissatisfied powers betimes in frank negotiation, and endeavor to make settlement?

As commonly happens in such cases, when vigorous leadership is lacking, the months go by in futile maneuvers over procedure, and the substance of the controversy is never touched. One may say that this European crisis began in October, 1933, when Sir John Simon, with unparalleled clumsiness, drove Germany out of the Disarmament Conference and the League by an offer that meant in effect the postponement for eight years of equality in armament. After his justifiable act of defiance, it was inevitable that Hitler should rearm, and thereafter smash the fetters of Versailles, one after another, as promptly as his opponents' weakness and his own growing strength allowed. In this situation there lay before the Western powers a choice between two courses. One was to prepare resistance, and at the first challenge oppose German pretensions with the united forces of the whole coalition. If because they loved peace, or because they had a bad conscience over the Versailles settlement, the ex-Allies shrank from strong measures, then the only intelligent course was to attempt by frank negotiations to satisfy German ambitions. But if they hoped by this method to win a durable peace, they must have faced negotiations over a very wide field, including some territorial claims, as well as the Rhineland, armaments, the colonial question, the related issue of access to raw materials, the future of the League and "collective security." In fact London and Paris took neither of these courses. They lost the initiative. They timed their various half-friendly approaches to Berlin badly. They have never yet offered to negotiate the whole field, and when Hitler struck, they allowed themselves to be surprised. They have since attempted to ascertain Hitler's intentions by the fatuous method of submitting to him publicly a sort of examination paper. Nothing has come of that. But there may be an attempt before the League's Assembly meets in September to explore at least the European field by conference.

One vital question calls urgently for settlement, but can it be isolated? Hitler violated the Locarno Pact when he occupied the Rhineland. Can it be restored as a multilateral pledge of mutual assistance, including all the Western powers; or has it become a one-sided alliance? The issue was complicated by the withdrawal of Italy into a temporary aloofness, which reflected her anger at the imposition of sanctions. For the moment the Locarno bond is in force only among the three powers whose home territories are washed by the Channel. But Downing Street insists that as yet there has been no failure in the attempt at conciliation. Some rather perfunctory military conversations have taken place between the British and the French, but Germany is

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not yet permanently barred from this pact. Italy was invited the other day to meet the British, French and Belgians, but refused, on the ground that Germany should also be invited. A preliminary meeting of these three was none the less held. It took no decision of substance and dealt only with procedure. But as often happens in diplomacy, questions of procedure involve the substantial issue. The procedure suggested from London is that all five of the Locarno powers shall meet in conference in September. Thereafter, if all goes well, a further and wider conference will be held to consider the affairs of Europe generally. At this second meeting, one supposes, certainly Russia and probably Poland and the Little Entente will be represented. But the comments of the Nazi press disclose the real issue as it presents itself to Berlin. A meeting of the Locarno powers is welcomed: it would suit German policy to restore good relations in the West. But in the wider conference Berlin will affect no interest, since Hitler will not even pretend that he is willing to meet Russia on a footing of friendly negotiation.

One begins to perceive what is at stake, and the procedure of two conferences that seemed at first sight innocent and natural has now a rather dubious look. Can the Western countries pass a sponge over the past, renew the Locarno Pact and add to it an agreement limiting their aerial armaments and pledging mutual aid against aerial attack, without reference to these wider European questions? If this is done, must it not divide Europe into two zones, in one of which Germany's movements are limited and controlled, while in the other they remain free? Again, this procedure would leave in a penumbra of anxiety and ambiguity the intentions and commitments of Great Britain. Tied more tightly than before to a limited regional scheme of "collective security" in the West, she would escape all defined obligations in the East. That would suit the views of a part of the English governing class. It is, apparently, the future for which the Foreign Office is preparing, for at the Montreux Conference which authorized the Turks to fortify the Straits, it appeared to regard a hypothetical war in which Russia and France might be facing Germany with the impartiality of a neutral. The tendency of its arguments was (1) to hamper the movements of French and Russian warships sailing to each other's aid, and (2) to further the movements of German ships which might seek to enter the Black Sea to attack Russia. In short, this suggested procedure of conference by two stages raises the central enigma of European politics: Can Hitler reckon on British neutrality, if and when he carries out his central ambition, and attacks Soviet Russia?

It is this *idée fixe* in Hitler's policy that makes the main difficulty in any attempt to revise the Versailles settlement. One may suspect that it is rather an idiosyncracy of the Fuehrer's fanatical personality than a settled aim of German national policy. One may know that the other decisive factor in the balance of internal power in Germany, the Reichswehr, looks askance at it. One may doubt whether the Japanese are so eager as they once were to join in an attack on Russia. None the less the shadow of this war, threatened so plainly in "Mein Kampf," broods over Europe.

Take one by one the other objectives of German policy. It is possible to go some way before reaching an issue so grave that any statesman in London or Paris must answer flatly No, and back his negative with arms. Certainly no responsible minister in either capital would dream of fighting to maintain the present status of Danzig or Memel. In anything Hitler may be minded to do there, he need consider the Poles and no one else. When one turns to the far graver issue of Austria, again it is only one power he need consider, and that is Italy. For Tory England this is a matter too remote for a decisive intervention. As for the France of the People's Front, it is unthinkable that a Socialist Prime Minister would risk the lives of French workers to maintain the sovereignty and independence of a clerical-fascist dictatorship. My own impression is that the recent rapprochement between Berlin and Rome is rather more solid than most commentators in London and Paris wish to think. Fascism as a doctrine is not a principle of fraternity. Fascist powers, because national aggrandizement is for each of them the absolute good, are in the abstract as likely to quarrel as to fraternize. But the hostility which both must expect at every turn from liberals and socialists may drive them, if not into a marriage, at least into a liaison of convenience. Certainly they are acting together, and have agreed on an arrangement over Austria which must enhance Germany's political and economic influence, not only in Vienna but throughout the Danube Valley. Italy's sphere of action is now primarily the Mediterranean, and she may be acquiescing with her eyes open, in the certainty that Central Europe will gravitate towards Germany. Assuredly, if Italy does not raise obstacles, no other power will.

There remains the one doubtful question, Czechoslovakia. Though the Czechs have treated minorities with a nearer approach to liberalism than any of the other new states, they have failed to reconcile their Germans. Substantial grievances persist which in the present tension grow heavier. That this compact population should be held against its will, when partition would be easy, is an indefensible anomaly. Two solutions are possible. One is that the Czechs should take their Germans into partnership, which in effect would mean that this republic would move out of the Franco-Russian orbit, and into that of Germany. The other would be some scheme of home rule for the German area (Sudetenland), which would mean sooner or later that the autonomous province would liberate itself from Prague and join the German Reich. As yet the Czechs, though they know their peril full well, are prepared for neither of these solutions. They rely on their alliances with Moscow and Paris, but their

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geographical isolation would make it difficult for either ally to help them directly. The assistance could take the form only of a counter-attack, chiefly from the air. In this case it is probable that the French (reluctantly) and the Russians with more enthusiasm would honor the alliance, but it is unlikely that the British would go beyond a perfunctory participation in such slow-moving economic sanctions as the broken League might impose.

A liberal mind that surveyed this scene with an intense wish to spare European civilization the horror and ruin of another war, would plead for frank concession and prompt negotiation. Must the youth of Europe be driven to the shambles to maintain the veto pronounced at Versailles on the natural wish of Austrian and Bohemian Germans to join the mass of the German nation? But there would be consequences. Germany, thus aggrandized, would proceed to realize her war-time dream of *Mittel-Europa*. Fatally the whole of Central and Eastern Europe would come within her political and economic sphere. Her cartels and banks would control its trade. Her peculiar brand of fascism would dominate its political life. Her soldiers and her armaments trust would weld it into a single war machine. What then? No liberties would suffer, for none in this big area survive. It would gain in prosperity, though German capital would take its toll. But Hitler's obsession remains. Within five years would not this colossal power measure its strength against the Soviet Union?

A liberal may still plead for conciliation. But a socialist perceives, beyond the issue of Versailles, the digging of the trenches in an international class war. It faces us not only in this question of Russia's eventual safety. It glares at us today from Spain. There is no doubt that Italian and German money and influence aided General Franco in his rebellion. This aid was rendered not merely because fascists like to see their system spreading; it was given because a fascist Spain could render valuable strategical support in the Mediterranean Italo-German combination. Yet even France hesitates to depart from a correct neutrality, while Tory England leans, in sympathy at least, to the fascist side. The fascist powers are much the bolder and much the more clear-sighted in perceiving the implications of this international class war. The disaster is that England stands poised in ambiguity, blandly refusing to admit its existence. Were she also like France under a government of the Left, it might be possible to organize an international People's Front. If she joined France in a firm defensive guarantee of Russia's safety, negotiation might be possible, and generous concessions safe. But led as England is today, neither course is possible. There can be no hopeful negotiation, because there is no defensive guarantee.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Time Muddles On

RECENT issues of The March of Time (screen version) have created a good deal of excitement in my local theatre. The demonstrations started last spring with the episode dramatizing the dilemma of the League of Nations. This episode seemed to revel in the contemplation of might and disaster: it invited us to join in the spree—to hurry to and fro like Eden, shriek like Hitler, wear Mussolini's helmet, weep with Cecil of Chelwood. And we did; very surprisingly, for my local theatre is normally a drowsy place. We were emotional, we hissed and cheered. And all the time the narrator's voice rose serenely above our distressing clamor, talking behind the screen like a Greek actor behind his mask. Just such a voice, I feel sure, would have been hired to speak the lines of one of Euripides' suave male gods—those gods who appeared so opportunely at the end of a tragedy, when everything was going up in flames and agnosticism, and explained matters away. Nobody has ever been quite sure what those gods believed in or whether they even believed in themselves; and this gives them a real affinity with the voice that does the talking for The March of Time.

The March of Time has come in for a good deal of criticism at one time and another. It has been criticized for being (a) clever (b) melodramatic (c) fascist. The accusation of cleverness could hardly have worried it, cleverness being quite the thing these days, witness the circulation of Time magazine. And it is only the very, very sensitive who complain of melodrama. They don't like the assumption that time does not pass but marches; and they say that when the immediate past is resurrected, tidied up, recreated in pictures, it is very trying to be informed, by implication, that none of these things could have taken place if time had not been something like a military band and history something like a circus. This has reason in it, but one has to realize that The March of Time is selling history at a profit, something which can't be done without a trick or two. Besides, there *is* a tendency towards melodrama in human affairs, and this tendency produces its heroes and its villains, and just occasionally one of them bobs up in national affairs. I like The March of Time's melodrama. Its heroes are all that heroes should be; they are energetic, human, fallible. For example, there was Dr. Hartmann who invented a balm that would take the pain out of tooth-drilling, but which doesn't work on all teeth. Another hero was Mr. Furnas: he wrote a tremendous piece on automobile

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disasters, but it won't entirely stop drivers from cutting in. And what better villain could there be than Monsieur de Paris, the executioner? The cameraman pursued him—shunned by all men, a Western untouchable—as he left with his guillotine; caught him setting it up in a smoky dawn; and followed him home at evening to his tomblike house, breathing damp and decorum, in the suburbs of Paris. It was a wonderful piece of sleuthing: perhaps not gory enough for the gallery, but a shudder every minute.

It is only when The March of Time gets off to highly controversial subjects that its melodrama disappears and something careless and complacent takes its place. If only it had absolutely refused to go any further than Devil's Island and dope rings and automobile disasters, which are human and important! But it wants to go further. It wants to thrill us with the collapse of a civilization; and last year it was confronted with the most serious accusation of all. People of all shades of opinion swore that it was going fascist. In one episode it appeared to suggest, with approval, that the C.C.C. boys were about to creep up on democracy, like Birnam Wood upon Dunsinane, behind the disguise of a reforestation scheme. Another episode showed the U.S. Army maneuvers. A third, and this was the worst, was very kind to the Croix de Feu.

A formidable thunder rolled, from right to left, from The Herald Tribune to The New Masses; and The March of Time, alarmed at this unanimous attack, hastily scrambled back to safer ground. To have sent such an episode into so many theatres was an infuriating gesture, even if an unintentional one; and the evidence against its being unintentional was overwhelming. If the Croix de Feu was news —this being The March of Time's excuse—wasn't the People's Front news too? No answer. The next issue found The March of Time in full retreat, and being sympathetic to the "bootlegger" of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania. But criticism was not silenced. An article in The American Spectator of last March brought up the fascist issue along with some others. It charged: (1) That Time's directorate was liberally peppered with Morgan hirelings, Morgan connections and the representatives of big business. (2) That the Croix de Feu episode was made by a brother of Louis de Rochemont, vice-president in charge of March of Time's production, and reputedly a man of definite fascist views. (3) That the anthracite episode was sympathetic to the great coal operators; that Martin Egan, one of Time's directors, is J. P. Morgan's publicity man; and that J. P. Morgan controls the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. (4) But number four had something to do with the radio version, Remington Rand, and inflation.

This is a large indictment, composed of several disconnected truths and insinuations. Isn't it perhaps even more dangerous to the truth than the thing it criticizes? It is a kind of witch-hunting, it deduces the devil out of cloudy evidence and ugly and unrelated facts. There is Louis de Rochemont lurking in one corner. Impossible to exorcise Mr. de Rochemont, but will he dare to tempt again? There is J. P. Morgan in another corner; elsewhere there leer Morgan partners, Morgan publicity men, big business. Search well, it seems to suggest, and you will eventually discover The March of Time to be a nest, a labyrinth, a jungle of festooned and intertwisted reaction.

Somehow I can't believe in such deliberate subtlety. The films themselves don't bear it out. That anthracite episode, for instance, may have been a piece of publicity, but it would have been rather difficult for the public to see through it: one might as easily contend that T. S. Eliot had been hired by Protestant interests to make a monkey of the Anglo-Catholic church. But if there is no very definite evidence of conspiracy in The March of Time, could there be evidence of something worse? And if so, what is it?

Look at the more controversial episodes. All of them (except the Croix de Feu thing, which had a gallic savagery) do not "continue to live after they have made the gesture which catches our eye"; they have no conviction in them, they are thrillers. That, I submit, is the real evil in The March of Time. It is neither candid nor passionate nor partisan, merely excitable. It is neither deliberately for the Morgans nor is it deliberately against the masses. It is almost completely irresponsible; it picks out those bits of contemporary history which seem to pack the most punch, and reënacts them with what it likes to think is fairness. Ostensibly, it takes no sides.

I don't know when taking no sides was last considered a virtue; but I should guess that the eighteenth century Deity was the last institution to practise it with success. People like Voltaire believed in Him, because He did nothing at all. He sat back and watched. But even His impartiality could not stand inspection, and in the end it was discovered that He did take sides: He sided with Voltaire, for instance, against the peasants of Cirey. The nineteenth century sent Him packing and restored The Lord, who was ferociously partial, condemned sinners to eternal roasting, and could be very useful when history was beginning to belong to the many instead of the few. And in the twentieth century, one thing is left us even though both the Deity and the Lord have gone their ways; we have to be partial.

The March of Time, however, does not see it that way. Like the Deity, it observes without prejudice, or pretends to. It claims to present both sides of every question, and that is an admirable claim: except that there is generally a third side to every question, and frequently a fourth and a fifth. In its last year's episode, dealing with Bergoff's strikebreakers, it first of all allowed Mr. Bergoff to have his say, who protested that he stood for law and order. That was one side. Then it showed how Mr. Bergoff's thugs were driven out of Georgia at the

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request of Governor Talmadge, who had been persuaded—with not too much difficulty, I should imagine—to reënact his part in this fight for justice. That was the other side. At the end of it all, the Euripidean voice announced that the social conscience of America had taken a considerable step forward, and concluded that time marches on. But there was a third side to this question which The March of Time had neglected, and which the partial observer might think the most important side of all. It had neglected to inquire whether the textile strikers of Georgia would be much worse off when subjected to Mr. Bergoff's social conscience than when at the mercy of the Governor's. It had not pointed out that, while Mr. Talmadge sent Mr. Bergoff's employees away with one hand, with the other he continued to break strikes. That bit about social conscience was the weak spot. If it had called this episode "Bergoff muscles in on Governor's territory," it would have told a truth. As it was, it told a lie. Such are the effects of taking no sides.

In one issue it managed to throw the same fog over the ministerial murders in Tokyo. It wanted to be fair both to the murderers and the corpses. To achieve this dialectical feat it produced an argument that was really very difficult to follow: that murder was horrid (picture of an elder statesman bleeding in the snow among his shrubberies, very effective); that this was patriotic murder, mistaken patriotism of course, and while it wouldn't want the cadets at West Point to go in for murder, still it had to admit that the Tokyo officers did what they did because they wanted to help the peasants. The episode had apparently taken no sides; it had praised the butchers and the butchered. But what did it really mean? Could it have been a mumble in favor of fascism? Or was it a polite way of saying that dog had bitten dog? You had paid your money, and you could take your choice.

That is the trouble: you have paid your money. There is a lot of money involved in The March of Time, and how can it afford to risk offending anyone by telling a deliberate truth? Against an argument like this, I realize that all I have been saying is not criticism but a wish. I wish that the editors of The March of Time, since they have at their disposal these fictions which excite and enrage people, would use them to some purpose. I wish they wouldn't float above the clamor they create, like a god or a Zeppelin, indifferently; but would take off some divinity, or take on some ballast, and sink to earth. I wish they would say—outright, beyond question—that somebody was right or wrong: even if that somebody was the Morgans, or Mussolini, or the masses. Then we could attack them or defend them, and they would be exciting their audiences honestly. But that is only a wish. Unless there really are liberal minds somewhere in The March of Time who would be glad to take a chance on photographing the roots instead of the branches. What an opportunity they have, if they could take it and would!

GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

Washington Notes

Unskilled Labor vs. the Federation—A Brotherhood of Manipulators—The Old-Folks' Crusade

THE SUSPENSION of the twelve C.I.O. unions by the executive council of the A.F. of L. is probably the final act in a controversy going back almost to 1900. In convention after convention, Socialist leaders in the A.F. of L. have warned that unless industrial unionism were accepted, trouble lay ahead. Some of these old leaders must today be feeling the sadness that comes to all volunteer Cassandras.

For a brief space, in 1911 and 1919, there seemed to be a chance that the Federation could be won to industrial unionism. The I.W.W. had swirled up like a tornado out of the West, and was driving hard towards the Northeastern centers of the A.F. of L.'s power. It had organized the textile industry, and was about to organize others. Mr. Gompers and the little group around him suddenly became extremely favorable to mass organization. Industrial unionism was the first order of business at the 1912 A.F. of L. convention. Then, having spent its force in the Lawrence and Paterson strikes, the I.W.W. melted away, and thereafter industrial unionism ceased to be a serious concern of Mr. Gompers and his friends.

The ancient hostility of the A.F. of L. leadership to the unskilled worker has seldom shown itself more nakedly than at last week's heresy trial here. Nerves were raw; the craft-union leaders knew that they would be accused by Left-wing opinion and by the rank-and-file of labor of trying to hamstring Mr. Lewis' steel-organizing campaign, that they would be called back-stabbers and Benedict Arnolds. They also knew that they were voting to cut themselves off from a monthly income of $12,500—the amount that the executive council normally receives from the twelve unions of the C.I.O. There were many times when the craft-union leaders spoke with the stony frankness usually reserved for deathbeds.

No one has ever been able to organize the unskilled and semi-skilled—that is, to organize them permanently and on a broad scale. This they repeated again and again. They admit the achievements of the United Mine Workers in organizing the anthracite industry in 1904, and the big-city needle-trades unions in organizing the clothing industry during the World War, but they insist these are exceptions. The record of the campaign to organize the unskilled and semi-skilled under the N.R.A., in their eyes proves their thesis; the men haven't stuck. In their opinion, there is a reason for this. What good to the labor movement could all these workers be, with their dollar, or two dollars, or five dollars, monthly dues? With a union of 500,000 members, even dollar-dues would mean an income of $500,000 a month, which might seem a sizable sum. But, answer the craft-union leaders, in an industry-wide strike in which benefits of five dollars a week were paid, you would have an outgo of $10,000,000 a month, simply in benefits. A worker who can't pay high dues is a liability to the labor movement; he can't defend himself and he can't help us, and we don't want him. Which is

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hard, bright "realism" of approximately the same sort as Mussolini's "putrid corpse of liberty."

There is nothing illogical about Mr. William Hutcheson's acceptance of the chairmanship of the Republican Party's labor committee. Governor Landon's refusal in his letter to Mr. Norman Thomas to condemn company unions conflicts with nothing that Mr. Hutcheson would appear to value. Whether the workers in mass industries belong to independent unions, company unions or no unions at all is to him apparently of small consequence. He comes legitimately by such beliefs. They are deeply imbedded in the history of his union, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

In 1903 the Brotherhood was the moving force in the establishment of the building trades department of the A.F. of L. The Brotherhood was then the biggest, most aggressive union in the whole Federation—even now, with 300,000 members, it is exceeded only by Mr. Lewis' miners—and its word was close to being law. In theory the building-trades department was founded to enable building unions to present a united front to employers; but in practice a large part of its energy was spent on jurisdictional quarrels. Whenever such a dispute arose, the Brotherhood usually won, notably in its great controversy with the wood-workers' union. It is not unfair to say that for many years the Brotherhood has systematically raided smaller and weaker unions—a cheaper and easier way of getting members than going out and organizing them. Mr. Hutcheson and the other officers of the Brotherhood are expert jurisdictional manipulators; that is their profession. It was impossible that they should see the C.I.O. except as a source from which they could chisel members. When they learned that the C.I.O. proposed to set up burglarproof industrial unions, they turned against it.

It is a melancholy moment when an institution that has held the hopes and loyalty of many workers appears to be doomed. But the hatred and fear that the craft-union leaders have towards workers in the mass industries could never, it seems to me, be dissipated. It was bred into them when they were young men, and is now as securely a part of them as their arms and legs. They don't believe in a mass movement; they think it is dangerous and are prepared to fight it. The C.I.O. had no choice but to stand firm and defy them.

Eventually there is hope that many of the A.F. of L. unions will gravitate towards Mr. Lewis' group. However, many observers believe that Mr. Hutcheson's carpenters and the other building-trades unions may continue by themselves indefinitely. Building is an industry in which time is the first essential; a stopping of work for a week or two—something that would be of relatively little importance in other industries—might cause great losses to a contractor. Building workers, consequently, have unusual bargaining power in periods of normal employment. Just as the railroad brotherhoods—another group with unusual bargaining opportunities—have existed independently of the general labor movement, so may the building unions. That is, unless mass industry begins to make pre-fabricated homes, as certain housing experts in the government believe it may do within twelve months. Should that happen, Mr. Hutcheson might experience a great and sudden conversion.

The defeat of Dr. Townsend's candidates for Senator and Governor in the Kansas primaries last week marks a new low in the old-folks' crusade. The candidates were experienced politicians, they themselves campaigned with skill, and the Doctor himself came into the state to speak for them. The O.A.R.P. still has strength in the Pacific-Coast and Rocky-Mountain states, but elsewhere its force seems to be leaking away in factional disputes. Mr. Lemke also has failed to make the showing that his friends predicted. His original campaign manager, Representative Usher Burdick of North Dakota, has discreetly retired to his home district to run for reëlection to the House. Mr. Burdick apparently feels that identification with the Union Party is no help, even in Mr. Lemke's home state.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Code for Civil Servants—Washington as a Vestibule to Wall Street—It's an Old Gringo Custom

A CONSERVATIVE government in England has dismissed a high civil servant for a trivial misstep that in America would be looked upon as nothing more than thrift. From it one must conclude either that English stomachs are too squeamish or that American morals are a little thick.

Sir Christopher Bullock was permanent secretary of the Air Ministry and a member of the Air Council at a salary of £3,000 a year. Sir Eric Geddes was chairman of Imperial Airways, an aviation corporation performing large services for the government and enjoying government subsidies.

Sir Christopher nursed the laudable ambition to be one day the successor of Sir Eric. Sir Christopher suggested that a high honor should be conferred on Sir Eric—some sort of imperial bauble—in recognition of his services. He put forward also doubtless the thought that perhaps one day he might succeed Sir Eric.

There was no corruption. There was no relaxing of the regulations. There were, apparently, no special rights-of-way or valuable privileges upon the imperial skyways of Great Britain given to Imperial Airways by Sir Christopher. There was merely the suggestion that he, as the representative of the government, charged with the duty of negotiating with Sir Eric, would like, one of these days, to step into Sir Eric's shoes. For this he has been cashiered by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin.

It is all very confusing and even discouraging. For after all, what did Sir Christopher do but what many if not most of our own public servants are doing all the time. If you will go to our banks, our insurance companies, our utility companies, you will find them crawling with ex-employees of our own government services. I participated in a discussion of utility holding-company issues once and there were gathered for the argument officials of many electric-light companies from various states. I was introduced around and found myself shaking hands with Mr. Rufus X. Sly, president of the Universal and Interstella Power Corporation, "formerly" utilities commissioner of

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the state of Blank, where the Interstella does business, and a dozen more utility commissioners who had achieved the praiseworthy and innocent ambition which had brought Sir Christopher to his doom.

In our country with its delicate system of ethics, there is no easier road into the payroll of a big Wall Street law firm than through the office of the Corporation Counsel or the Attorney General. And now what better introduction could you bring to the great firm of Cadwallader, Cadwallader, Cadwallader and O'Brien, the great Wall Street counsellors, than a letter from the chairman of the S.E.C. testifying to your several years of faithful and useful service aiding in the regulation of the clients of the Messrs. Cadwallader and O'Brien?

We are far more practical than our old-fashioned cousins across the pond. Our President, if he wants an adviser for the Treasury, is apt to go to one of the big Wall Street banking houses. The honored appointee "severs" all relations with his business house. But as soon as he has advised the Treasury long enough to suit his convenience he returns to Wall Street and almost instantly one finds him reunited with the house he had abandoned. The chairman of the Commission regulating the stock exchange comes out of a Wall Street broker's office. The Commission itself thereafter fills up with former employees of other brokers' offices and some members. The talents of these gentlemen are thus at the service of the Commission until times get better, when one finds them flowing back to the Wall Street offices, none the worse for their contact with the government. A card comes to me one fine day announcing that Mr. B. Blank, formerly head of this or that division of the S.E.C., has left that body and thereafter will set up in business for himself, advising those he formerly regulated about the intricacies of the commission he formerly served.

In this country, of course, public service is merely a vestibule leading into more lucrative private service; a training ground for apprentices for large law offices and other institutions constantly in collision with the government. Those who oppose such things in America are referred to as bolshevists and plain cranks. In England, the very conservative London Times says of Sir Christopher's going: "The civil service is to be congratulated on having taken into its own hands the inflexible maintenance of its own traditions. It will not suffer in the end for this exposure of how high is its standard and how rigorous its code."

Code. Standard. Those are the words which seem suddenly to illuminate this obscure subject. They have a code in England. They have standards. Somehow civilization has distilled certain spiritual ordinances for the conduct of men which high-minded men, "gentlemen," if you will, observe. Here we are hampered by no such stodgy moral regimentation. The code here lays down several rules that all "sound-minded men," all "practical men," understand. The first is that your most important loyalty is to yourself and your budget. The big thing is to get the wampum. We respect those who have it. The man who is mean enough to ask how one "got it" is no better than a snooper and a Peeping Tom. As for the public service! What is the public for but to be rooked or used or capitalized in the interest of dividends or preferment or opportunity?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Pretty as a Picture

"MARY OF SCOTLAND" owes a good part of its success in the movie version to Katharine Hepburn, as a personality and moving force. A good deal is also owed its production, direction, screen treatment, etc.—but since the anti-Hepburn leaguers are going to yell murder at the whole business anyway, we might as well dispose of such complaints as are justifiable at the outset. It is Maxwell Anderson's stage play, which means that it will have some good dramatic flash, no clear direction, and a lot of what I shall laughingly call high poetry. Preparing it for the screen, Dudley Nichols tightened up the script, broadened out the action and (bully boy) heaved Mr. Anderson's iambics in the ashcan. Even so, it is clear that in following history they muff their climax, and that in working to keep it climactic and fast (also clean) they muff their history. The result is a picture that is always in between, or among, something, succeeding more by chance than by plan.

In the large it must be regarded as the work of John Ford, who is partial to underlighting (art no doubt) and to a lush overscoring of music; who has always had one wooden foot, which he puts forward here in the English sequences. These are unconvincing and weakest in the character of Elizabeth, in creating which it is forgotten that royalty may be hollow and ordinary anywhere but those places (such as the stage) where there is no royalty until it is established—where illusion must substitute for coronation, that is. There are several points at which Mr. Ford's conception shows as a mere striving for effect, not worked into the film's motion at all. And the picture is overboard in length—made painfully so by the simple-narrative pedestrianism of its last half-hour, where events are walked through as though they were rooms in a museum, and closing time at that.

So much for these things—which amount to little more than the copy-book exercises of criticism. It is more difficult, and more essential, to give an account of the picture's success, to discover where the heart and virtue of it lie. "Mary of Scotland" is mainly good as superior and handsome melodrama, I think; or call it the triumph of histrionics over history—which in this case serves only as a romantic storehouse from which may be requisitioned the necessary matters of state, love, action, what not. Yet there is something in this borrowing from history that is stronger than melodrama. There is the knowledge or at least belief—the faint but sure excitement tugging insistently—that these people had their time in the world, coupling and swarming and busy with envious plans, their needs and actions large before themselves and men, their disturbances elevated (by chance or sheer magnitude) into a matter of record, into something to roll back the stones of the tomb with. And while accounting for the trick of this romantic distortion is simple enough, making effective use of it never is, because the Heroic Time of past events has its revenges. It is about as difficult (if not so desirable) to make a thing seem what it wasn't as to make it appear what it was, for without the semblance of life—never mind whose, when, where—in the present of the theatre, everything will be fakery, there will be no mood of belief and participation established in the audience. And thanks to its business of kilts and castles and

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stout insolence, thanks to the people expressing it, this is a picture which borrows the glamorous costumes of history without seriously sidestepping the real need to provide, out of its own resources, the frame and flesh to wear them on.

The actual story is more fast than deep. Plots, alarms, the gathering of the clans, and a girl just back from France, with graces and an Italian secretary, to keep the throne of Scotland against the great lords there—all damned villains naturally. Daggers, Knox's hell fire, the English ambassador, Darnley dead, Riccio dead, and the ride on horseback to Bothwell's black castle. And above everything—the accumulating incidents and their setting against the huge rooms, council tables, flights of stairs and (in particular) one stunning fireplace—there is the galvanic effect of Bothwell's bagpipes, as seen swinging into the square at his back or off with him into exile, and as heard rising on the sound track in the measured defiance and pride of their wild sad music. They are a beautiful touch, they half-make the picture, and even after it has gone to sleep in England their brief ghostly echo in the air is enough to put the life and meaning back in it for a while.

Fredric March is surprising and fine, but the topmost influence in humanizing all these deeds and speeches is Katharine Hepburn. In her best moments (and this is one of her best) Miss Hepburn has and projects over to her audience a high measure of spirit—both in the meaning of essence and in the meaning of vitality, mortal spark and force. We may stand off and scrutinize and come at length to the conclusion that this is not stage creation in the accustomed manner of ladies who have developed baritone voices and rolling *r's* and many interesting ways of plunging a rubber poignard into their bosoms, all with that special majesty which can blow a brace of Alexandrines up into two cubic minutes by the clock. We can say that Miss Hepburn is acting Miss Hepburn, too—and God knows how such a venerable pillar of platitude is to be cracked. But we can hardly fail to see that there is something else here, still inwardly untouched; that this screen is made bright and deep for us with the life of a character, it does not matter whose so long as it is not that of an actress with an entrance.

For when the spotlights and scenic effects have faded, there still remains the fact that for all her digressions into mannerism and poor type parts as of the past, for all her naïve reliance on her own resources and befuddled trying, this girl, with the curious wide mouth and eyes and flesh tight over her facial bones, is an artist in our theatre by virtue of combining personal strength and fire with the grace of giving those out to the people. Her work is not in mimicry or in a sedulous building of many parts, but it is creative in itself, a sort of bright emanation; and to say it does not go beyond this is about as helpful as saying that music is music and only music, therefore it may not be served up hot for breakfast.

In any event the magic works in "Mary of Scotland." Produced generally with an open hand and much sense and taste, the picture still builds itself about a central figure, and is not let down when the figure turns out to be real and exciting not as Mary Tudor but only as Miss Hepburn. After all, the field of past and present world drama should be big enough to hold the special talents of both these girls.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

"We can't build warships and things like that unless you people pay up more cheerfully," said Alderman Barber in dealing with 56 income-tax defaulters at Wood Green Court today.—*From a news item in The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Rome, June 6.—Marshal Pietro Badoglio, on the eve of the celebration of his victory in Ethiopia, revealed himself in an interview tonight as a convinced lover of peace.

The Viceroy of Ethiopia holds that war is a thing not to be desired for its own sake, but as a means to an end, a visitation sometimes unavoidable, but always to be deprecated unless its bloodshed and destruction are justified by some higher motive.—*Arnaldo Cortesi, in The New York Times.*

The "Social Gospel" that advocates abolishing war, race prejudice and poverty deserves the heartiest condemnation of all Bible-believing Christians, the Rev. John H. McComb, pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway and 114th Street, said in his sermon yesterday morning. This gospel, he declared, ignores the plain command of Christ to make disciples of every creature.

"He did not tell them to go and spend their time seeking to abolish war and poverty and racial prejudice," the pastor said, "because these things will continue to exist until Jesus Christ binds Satan and reigns on earth."—*News report in The New York Times.*

And Yet, On the Other Hand

"I always feel better when I go to church," he [Governor Landon] said one day. Like many American family men, however, he has often been inclined to stay at home on Sunday and let his wife go to church. He cannot be pictured as a stern, narrow church man.—*News item in The Chicago Tribune.*

Is There a Mind Reader in the House?

"Nowhere in the world can you find men as warm, natural, romantic and gallant as those who live in the South of the United States," said Mr. Boles. "In some respects they are very like the French and Italians in their approach to a woman.

"But with this difference. They do not kiss the hands of the ladies they admire or shower them with exaggerated compliments. Which is to their advantage. Hand-kissing, etc., is usually a blind for what is in the European mind."—*From a syndicated interview with Mr. John Boles, the motion-picture actor.*

Add Definitions of "Propaganda"

Putting vacations with pay into a national Constitution is going rather far. It suggests propaganda more than Constitution.—*From "Topics of the Times," in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Echoes of a Strike

SIR: In spite of failure in previous instances to obtain correction of errors of fact respecting Consumers' Research in material which has hitherto appeared in The New Republic, I am writing you to call your attention formally to an error made in the reference to Dewey H. Palmer on page 362 of your issue of July 29. Mr. Palmer was not "formerly head of the technical department of Consumers' Research, Inc."

Washington, N. J. F. J. SCHLINK.

SIR: Before the beginning of the strike at Consumers' Research last September, my co-workers and I believed that I was head of the technical department. But if Mr. Schlink says that I wasn't, one can be quite sure that there is no document in existence showing an official and formal appointment to this position.

In Mr. Schlink's estimation, The New Republic would probably have been more correct if it had referred to me as "former meter-reader at Consumers' Research, Inc."—for after Mr. and Mrs. Schlink and J. B. Matthews voted to remove me from the Board of Directors and from my position as treasurer of the organization because of my open sympathy with the employees' union, Mr. Schlink stated, "From now on you will spend your time reading meters." But perhaps this, too, would be unwise, for the meter-reading appointment, like that of head of the technical department, was never the subject of an official communication.

New York City. DEWEY H. PALMER.

[The New Republic, contrary to Mr. Schlink's statement, has never declined to correct any error of fact respecting Consumers' Research. It merely declined to print voluminous and complicated arguments, supported by dubious allegations, regarding the position of Consumers' Research in its recent strike, just as it had no room to print in full the arguments of the strikers. A summary of the positions of both sides was contained in our accounts of the strike, and this summary omitted no important contentions. What Mr. Schlink really objects to is that we disapprove of his labor policy. —THE EDITORS.]

Storm over Brailsford

SIR: Mr. H. N. Brailsford's "Storm Over Palestine" [The New Republic, July 1] was about the most pompous and self-righteous justification of British imperialism I have ever read. His "clear conscience to defend the Mandate . . . on general grounds" is worthy of Mussolini in regard to Ethiopia: "A backward race has no right to monopolize land of which it makes no adequate use. Mankind, when it is organized, must have the right to override tribal nationalism, if in the process it attends to the welfare of the tribe whose ignorant will it overrules"!

Brewster, N. Y. ARTHUR STYRON.

SIR: "A backward race has no right to monopolize land of which it makes no adequate use." Could Mussolini have said anything more apropos, in defending his Ethiopian adventure? . . . Surely the Arabs have acquired some proprietary rights by their long occupancy of Palestine, and I for one cannot criticize them for their opposition to the "peaceful penetration" of their land by another and far different culture.

I sympathize deeply with the plight of the Jews, especially in Germany, but surely the world is big enough to find a place for them without crowding another nation; and the fact that the Jews owned or at least occupied a parcel of ground centuries ago does not necessarily give them any claim to it at this late day.

Claremont, Calif. A. E. BRUCE.

SIR: Before Mr. Brailsford's article was published I had thought that the whole Zionist movement was an outgrowth of Jewish sentimentality: an illogical nationalist movement on the part of the one people whom history had made international.

Mr. Brailsford tells us, however, that "A backward race has no right. . . ." (etc.)

This makes the Zionist movement a "colonial expedition" similar to that which Mussolini recently undertook in Ethiopia. It justifies most of European imperialism; and it makes the Jewish claim to Palestine, which history invalidated centuries ago, an excuse for complete subjugation of the native Arabs. What a noble ideal to strive for!

WALTER F. KOHN.

Stamford, Conn.

SIR: Some of your readers object violently to my statement (apropos of Palestine) that "A backward race has no right to monopolize land of which it makes no adequate use." Perhaps one of them will maintain the contrary proposition: that a backward race has this right. He must argue that mankind would be the happier if the sand dunes of the Palestinian coast lay derelict still, feeding neither man nor beast. He must maintain that civilization would be the gainer if Australia were inhabited only by a few thousand nomad blacks. And finally he must blot out from the book of life and the pages of history himself, his neighbors and these United States.

Two of your readers contend that my argument for Zionism would equally justify Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia. There are several outstanding differences. Notably the League forbade the conquest of Ethiopia, while it approves Jewish settlement in Palestine. Again, Mussolini wiped out an independent state, whereas the Arabs were the subjects of the Turkish Empire, to whom the mandate promised eventual independence. Finally the recognized spokesmen of the Arabs accepted the mandate when it was drafted, while the Ethiopians refused Mussolini's offer to "liberate" them.

Your readers in accusing me of a leaning to British imperialism forget that my argument requires that an empire no less than a backward tribe shall submit to the authority of the League. Thus I have argued elsewhere that the League ought to require Australia to admit colored emigrants to its uninhabited interior. That the actual League is an inadequate body for such a purpose I fully concede, but that hardly affects my contention that in principle some general Parliament of mankind should have the right to overrule the anarchism both of sovereign empires and backward tribes.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Simple Facts of Inflation

SIR: In your issue of July 29, 1936, on page 336 you state:

> In the endeavor to forestall the possibility of disastrous credit inflation, the Federal Reserve System used its new powers and increased the legal reserve requirements of member banks by 50 percent. The action freezes about $1,450,000,000 of excess reserves out of an estimated total of $3,400,000,000.

In thus quoting your statement I do it because you seem to approve of that action, and the reason I think you approve of it is because on page 339 of that issue under the caption of "The Wrong Way to Start a New Party" you say:

> . . . The Coughlin-Lemke-Smith-Townsend coalition has various ideas, some of which are incompatible with one another, but they possess the common property of being products of economic illiteracy. . . . Father Coughlin's central thesis is inflation; he comes of a long and dubious lineage of Middle-Western greenbackers who have bobbed up repeatedly in our national history whenever the burden of agrarian debt became particularly oppressive. Mr. Lemke, broadly speaking, has taken all the worst elements of these various quack prescriptions and compounded them into a potion that would be cer-

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tain to kill the patient instanter if he ever had to take it—which he probably won't.

This shows that you are utterly opposed to inflation, and it also demonstrates, where you say "but they possess the common property of being products of economic illiteracy," that you do not understand yourself what the problems are that are attacked by Father Coughlin, and a partial remedy for which is proposed by Mr. Lemke. You use the term "inflation" apparently without having any understanding of what is meant by the remedies proposed by Father Coughlin and Lemke.

I take it that what you mean by inflation is based upon your statement that Father Coughlin presents a renaissance of the greenbackers' ideas, and this is certainly proof that you are either attempting to mislead or that you do not know what you are talking about. And this is why I say so.

You have in the past approved, as being a trend towards the Left and social progress on the part of this administration, the establishing of farm-credit agencies by the government to assist the farmers from the plight in which they are hopelessly enmeshed because of the debts which they owe. And it apparently, in your view, is not inflation for the government to sell bonds to the banks and pay interest to the banks and allow the Federal Reserve to issue money on the securities taken by the banks from the farmers while the government pays interest to the banks on the bonds; but is inflation if the government should issue this money to the farmers taking the same security as is taken by the bankers and credit agencies and drawing interest from the farmers instead of paying interest to the banks and the farmers likewise paying interest to the banks.

You do not seem to understand at all that the Frazier-Lemke bill does not propose the issuance of a single dollar of unsecured money, but that the security that would be behind this money which the government is asked to issue by the Frazier-Lemke bill would be the same security that is now used for the basis of issuance of money by the bankers through the Federal Reserve.

Now once more you also quote, with apparent approval, the action of the banks in deflating to the extent of $1,450,000,000; and if you could get your nose out of a book long enough to look around you, you would realize that was one of the things that compelled the crash in 1929 and drove hundreds of thousands into bankruptcy, who, without that deflation, would have continued to be solvent and prosperous; and you would realize some of the ruin and miseries that come from deflation.

And now without any adverse comment, you admit with your quotation that with the new Federal Reserve Act goes to the Federal Reserve Board the power to deflate; and with the power to deflate, it also has the power to inflate. And that is the answer of the Democratic administration to the proclamation of the President in his speech of acceptance that he would drive the money changers out of the temple. Now his administration has driven everybody else out except the money changers, including the abrogation of the constitutional authorities and powers of the Federal Congress and the President to coin and regulate money.

You talk of incompatible statements and positions. Take a look at your own position. Payment of the debts which this country owes is today absurd in thought with the control of the means of payment in a private corporation. That will have to be done away with before there is any real recovery in this country, and unless you are much older than I think you are, you will live to see it done. . . .

Minneapolis, Minn. ARTHUR LESUEUR.

The Red-Hunt Season Opens

SIR: The McNaboe investigation of subversive activities in the schools of New York State will soon begin; its committee has already been announced. With Mr. Hearst we believe that this may well prove to be "the opening wedge for a more complete investigation" of the liberal students', teachers' and parents' organizations.

May I urge your readers to send letters of protest to the press and to the committee (of which John J. McNaboe is chairman), and to interest the liberal organizations with which they are connected to do likewise?

New York City. DOROTHY SLOAT.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Barton Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1813, Birmingham, Alabama, writes us that Jack Barton, a member of the Communist Party, was recently arrested and convicted under a local ordinance for possessing more than one copy of literature alleged to advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence. Barton was given the maximum penalty, a fine of $100 and 180 days in prison, and the Defense Committee, which states that the literature in question did not violate this law, urges that protests of both the conviction and the law be sent to Mayor Jap Bryant, Judge Clyde Morris and Judge Gardner Goodwin, and contributions to fight both to the Committee itself.

The Executive Committee of the Parent-Teachers Association of Public School 100, Brooklyn, New York, sends us a copy of a letter that it has written to Senators Clark, Wagner and Copeland, protesting war bills, such as Prints 1717 and 1721, recently introduced into the Senate, providing for the abrogation of civil rights and the establishment in effect of a dictatorship in this country, lasting until six months after the emergency ends.

The Chicago Civil Liberties Committee, 160 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois, writes us concerning the case of Paul Butash, a traveling agent for The Literary Digest, who is now serving a five-year sentence in the state prison at Michigan City, Indiana. Butash was convicted of criminal syndicalism on charges arising from a meeting framed up by the American Legionnaires during which he said, in answer to questions, that he thought a Farmer-Labor Party would improve the political and economic situation and that "people can force Congress to change conditions." The Committee states that it will cost $200 to appeal this case and asks for contributions.

Isaac Lewis Dworan writes from the Bronx, New York, to criticize Harold J. Laski's article, "A New Education for a New America," in The New Republic for July 29, on the grounds that Dr. Laski emphasized socio-economic trends in education to the exclusion of immediately valuable, "bread and butter" aspects. Mr. Dworan remarks that present-day students are not generally eager to learn, possibly due in part to their feeling that education is somewhat compulsory, and that education itself places too little emphasis on general culture and on present-day needs, tending toward a forcible feeding of names and dates.

The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners informs us that Robert Washington, secretary of the International Labor Defense in Birmingham, Alabama, was sentenced to 180 days on a chain gang and a fine of $100 on a charge of driving with defective brakes, for which a fine of $5 is the usual penalty. The case is being appealed on the ground that the testimony of a policeman that he found "seditious literature" in the car was inadmissible and prejudicial. . . . Miss Lucille Thornburgh, treasurer of the Rockwood Strikers' Relief Committee of the Knoxville Central Labor Union, writes that the picket lines of these mill workers have been attacked and forced to retreat by armed deputies and company guards. Sympathizers are asked to send contributions to Miss Thornburgh at 1115 West Fifth Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Joseph Lewis of the Freethought Press Association, 317 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, calls attention to the fact that next year will mark the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine and says that Paine anticipated by a matter of a century or more the present drive for old-age security as well as many other reforms needed in the present day.

What's on the Air?

Chancellor Adolf Hitler speaking at the close of the Olympiad in Berlin. Sunday, August 16, 1 to 1:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Supreme Knight Martin H. Carmody addressing the international convention of the Knights of Columbus. Monday, August 17, 7 to 7:15 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

William D. Boutwell, of the United States Office of Education, discusses "Education in the News." Monday, August 17, 7:45 to 8 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Nancy Cox-McCormack, sculptress, speaks on "Jane Addams." Tuesday, August 25, 4 to 4:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

All times listed are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Huxley's New Novel

IT IS a matter of course that Aldous Huxley should abound as much as ever in paradoxes, and the intentional, the systematic ironies of "Eyeless in Gaza"[1] will have, to his old readers, a ring of almost amiable familiarity. The things men think they share with the demi-gods are set off here, as mockingly as they were in "Chrome Yellow" and "Mortal Coils," by the things they actually share with the higher primates. What is new in the novel, however, is an apparently unintended contradiction in its very substance and scheme. In addition to its deliberate antitheses of detail, "Eyeless in Gaza" is itself one long oxymoron. The explicit aim of the novel—for, as always, Huxley is frankly both story-teller and pamphleteer—is to inculcate a transcendental gospel of love, unity and peace; to preach, as a means of salvation from the prevailing violence and disorder, a way of life based on self-discipline, non-resistance and expansive good will. With this aim the actual content of the book is sensationally out of harmony.

Aside from the intrinsic merits of Huxley's new doctrines, it is wholly conceivable that he might have given them at least a literary plausibility; might have realized them momentarily for the imagination by embodying them, tangibly and illusively, in dramatic terms. A book about men and women feeling, speaking and acting more or less in the light of these high admonitions would have silenced the skeptical reader until the last page was well behind him. "Eyeless in Gaza" is not such a book. On the contrary, it is a book mainly about that Huxleyan world with which we are already well acquainted—a world not of potential order, dignity and purposeful struggle, but of pointless confusion, of physical and moral disgust and of derisive futilities.

That is just the world, Huxley of course intends us to understand, from which we are only to be freed by "learning to use the self properly," by "communicating with and contemplating goodness" and by transcending the limitations on the love of which we are all capable. No doubt; but is it too much to ask that a novelist who comes to his readers with so strenuous and so ideal a message should seem to have made it so completely his own that it has colored the whole aspect of human life for him? Certainly it is what other novelists, to say nothing of poets, have done; Aldous Huxley has still to reinforce his message with his fable. The possibility of doing the things he pleads with us to do seems hardly real enough to be interesting so long as we are in the company of the nymphomaniac Mary Amberley, with her morphine and her malice, or of the impotent narcissist Hugh Ledwidge; of Mary Amberley's neurotic daughter Helen, or of the pedantic philological bore John Beavis; of Mark Staithes, with his angry misanthropy, or of the tormented suicide Brian Foxe, exploited emotionally by his mother and then betrayed by the woman he loves and by his best friend, Anthony Beavis.

These are the people who fill the foreground of the book, who give it its pervasive tone, and it is hard to see that they take us a step beyond the Mercaptans, the Mrs. Viveashes, the Burlaps and the Spandrells of "Antic Hay" and "Point Counter Point." It is true that, just as there was a Rampion in the latter novel, there is a Dr. Miller, the expounder of proper self-use and of anthropological pacifism, in the present book; but alongside of Mary Amberley and Mark Staithes, Dr. Miller is a mere sketch—and he remains only the promise of a character at the end. Huxley's protagonist, Anthony Beavis, the cynical sociologist, has been won over to Dr. Miller's program during the last few months of the long period covered by the novel; and at the very end, having conquered his fears and his apathy, he is about to go out and address a meeting at which he has been threatened with violence by a Group of Patriotic Englishmen.

Here is a really new motive in Huxley's fiction; a new willingness to imagine and to represent a deliberate purpose, a conscious choice, and action in the light of it that may not be—that in fact will not be, whatever happens—sardonically futile. The novel that Huxley might write around such a motive, dominant and definitive throughout, it is impossible not to speculate on; but with "Eyeless in Gaza" he is far from having written it. The Anthony Beavis of the last sections is an almost disembodied potentiality; the Anthony Beavis of the book as a whole—the Anthony who, even after his "change," catches himself "taking intense pleasure in commenting on the imbecility of my audience and human beings at large"—this is the actual and the dramatically credible man. Whatever Huxley may later write, there is still an immense vacuum between his premises and his conclusions.

The seriousness of thought and feeling behind this novel cannot, however, be mistaken; and one is bound to wonder whether the vacuum will ever be filled in; whether, with his new interest in the active defense of culture and peace, Huxley will sometime write a novel of contemporary life that will carry complete conviction. "Eyeless in Gaza," to tell the truth, does not make one very hopeful. The habits of thought that have enabled Huxley to write wittily and destructively about little groups of bored and idle sophisticates are not habits that adapt themselves very suitably to the rendering of European society in its present period of acute and omnipresent crisis.

With all his learning, with all his fine cultivation, Huxley is almost wholly without the sense of history, almost wholly without the sense of social dynamics; and to judge from the novel before us, his recent about-face is a change of front on one plane only. If he formerly viewed men with a largely undiscriminating scorn, he now views them with an equally undiscriminating love, or recommends the attempt to do so; and in both cases it has been the attitude of a romantic individualist, now Byronic, now Dostoevskian. He may speak of order and unity as transcendental goals, but he has astonishingly little understanding of the actual tightness with which human destinies are intertwisted or of the necessity of postponing individual to collective reconstruction. "States and Nations," writes Anthony Beavis in his diary, "don't exist as such. There are only people. Sets of people living in certain areas, having certain allegiances. Nations won't change their national policies unless and until people change their private policies." With such perilous half-truths ringing in one's ears, one is tempted to reflect that Milton's Samson, sightless among the slaves of the Philistines, was at any rate not self-blinded.

NEWTON ARVIN.

[1] Eyeless in Gaza, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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Venture into Metaphysics

George Berkeley: A Study of His Life and Philosophy, by John Wild. Harvard University Press. 563 pages. $6.

AMERICAN philosophy has been milk and water for decades. But there is an invigorating wind blowing, sweeping away the cautious humanisms, positivisms and pseudo-psychologies that have devitalized our thought and cheated us of knowledge. American metaphysicians are bestirring themselves and Professor Wild is obviously in the fore of them. He provides one with an excellent opportunity to judge the strength and direction of a new power, though he uses it to sustain the weight of a commentary on Berkeley. He has written an important book, clear, profound, courageous, incisive and exciting, the product of a mind with a flair for speculation, partly seared with the thought of Hegel and Kierkegaard. Its premises, I think, are mistaken, and the results untenable, but the whole is good beyond such criticism.

No philosopher, perhaps, is better known to the laity as the symbol of the futility of philosophy than Berkeley, as the man who took the world to be nothing more than an idea in his head, the defender of the absurd and paradoxical, the sophistical and arbitrary. This evaluation, partly echoed by philosophers and historians, is, however, itself a paradox. It results from the supposition that a part of Berkeley's work is the whole of it, and that Berkeley, despite the fact that his language is a model of philosophic clarity, is to be credited with the very opposite of the assertions which he italicized and reiterated. Berkeley's whole effort, in the books that have made him the point of a multitude of pointless jests, was to defend the world and outlook of common sense by putting unanswerable difficulties in the way of materialism. Now this is a philosophy which insists that the real is an unknowable, inert matter, somehow provoking a mysterious mind to perceive a glorious but illusory world of bird and song, of tree and color. But Berkeley explicitly maintains that the world of common sense is real, external and manifest. It is not he, but some of his interpreters and opponents, who abandoned that world for an arbitrary theory. Misinterpretations trail Berkeley's other works as well. He has been classed with the circle-squarers and defined as an ignoramus in mathematics. Yet his criticism of infinitesimals is part of the current that, only decades later, did away with the self-contradictory and useless suppositions that had confused the meaning of the calculus. Ridiculed as an opponent of science, it is his philosophy that lies at the bottom of the views of modern hard-headed experimental physicists, though the Eddingtons and Jeanses, who have acknowledged him as their precursor, have leaned on him at the very points where he would have abruptly withdrawn his support.

Professor Wild gives the impression that these interpretations are so trivial as to be hardly worth the notice. Berkeley is, to him, a thinker much more subtle than has ever been suspected, a man whose early works are but hesitant formulations of a profound and radical metaphysics. This is a new Berkeley, a man who, under the pressure of a relentless dialectic, grew from solipsist to neo-Platonist, from rationalist to mystic, from deist to theist, from empiricist to metaphysician, a philosopher treading an undeviating course to find his goal, peculiarly enough, in a variant of Hegelianism. Berkeley's whole philosophy, for Wild, culminates in the "Siris," that strange and obscure conglomerate of flashing insight, mistaken history and—tar water (a panacea that cures pleurisy, asthma, indigestion and erysipelas, preserves the teeth and keeps goats from biting trees), a work whose philosophic passages Wild illuminates with great acuteness. He undoubtedly throws a flood of light on the meaning of the "Siris," successfully clears Berkeley of the age-old charge of being a simple-minded nominalist, integrates his life and thought with considerable shrewdness and handles historical data with a courage that once was philosophers'. He does not, however, succeed in presenting Berkeley, as he purports to do, in the light of all his works and all the evidence available. Berkeley's cherished proof for the existence of God is practically ignored, no attention is paid to his defense of spiritual substance, to his atomistic psychology or to his pragmatic definition of the real, while his theory of simple impressions, his realistic epistemology, his theory of language and creation, are either passed over in silence or are considerably distorted. The work is thoroughly documented, but few of the references are illustrative or relevant; hardly an item of the long bibliography comes into the text, and there is no subject index.

A commentator can breathe life into a philosopher; his metaphysics must remain his own. There is more good Wild in this book than good Berkeley. Wild takes every item of knowledge to be incomplete and abstract, requiring the supplementation of others in order to be concrete and real. There is no subject without an object, there are no universals without particulars, there is no experience without its *a priori,* no action without its ideal and conversely. Everything we could know is part of a single rational absolute system, in which alone it can be what it is. But such an absolute system is not the true absolute, since it is itself relative to the relatives it organizes. The true absolute is beyond rationalism and beyond irrationalism as well. It is an absolute "which gains its absoluteness not from the fact that it is proved or even conceived, but precisely from the fact that it is not 'proved or conceived,'" all proofs of its existence being but means for making manifest the ultimate impotence of reason. "The true and essential irrationality is to follow reason, itself the intrinsic paradox." The real absolute is "the absolutely transcendent . . . revealed only in the utter impossibility of its revelation" as the unrevealed or hidden God, the source of all value and explanation, the subject for which everything else is an object, the One which converts all rational absolutes into relatives, defines mere rational knowledge to be a form of skepticism and daily skepticism to be a kind of dogmatism. "There is no hope except in a hopelessness which is absolute." "It is only the absolute skeptic who can really convince himself of anything—only the absolute atheist who can see God"—for "it is only after all ends have been condemned and all concepts set in motion by the goad of negation that the transcendent may be apprehended."—"Through the absolute unreason of faith, reason once more becomes possible. The struggle of thought to overcome itself, which leads it into the practical, at last ceases, and reason, resting from its endless endeavors to become unreason, is once again content to be reason, or the Logos, transmitting its message of meaning across the gulf from being to non-being, but never giving itself up wholly to the one or to the other." Reason points beyond itself to the object of faith which it then mediates, "carrying some of its radiance to spread through the world as intelligibility. Hence carried by paradox beyond paradox, faith, embodying itself in the Word, becomes reason and expounds its mystery as Theology." The truly real is the One which, because completely transcendent and unqualifiedly absolute, alone can become immanent and make the relative possible, permitting reason to have its proper function and non-being to be the nought it truly is.

These dogmas will not seem hallowed to many modern

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creeds. But American philosophy will not come into its own until more of its students are similarly inspired by the great tradition and write with the sweep and grandeur of the old masters. The form may be part commentary; the substance must be philosophic courage.

PAUL WEISS.

Battle Piece

Darkness and Dawn, by Alexei Tolstoy. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $2.50.

"DARKNESS AND DAWN" is a very long book, a combination of two novels that were published separately and written under quite different circumstances. The first part appeared in a Russian émigré magazine in Paris in 1921-22; it was translated into English two years later. Alexei Tolstoy had served in the White Army and had gone abroad when it became evident that Lenin was not going to be dislodged. But he returned to Russia during the "Change of Landmarks" movement in 1922 and became reconciled with the new government. It is probable that the second part of his novel was written in Moscow, but it seems no more Red than the first seems White. Indeed, the whole book, in spirit and technique, is a Russian novel of the old school, not a great one but a good one; only the subject matter deals with the years of change.

Part I is the story of two sisters, Dasha and Katia, who belong to a group of radical intellectuals in Petrograd; it carries them through the February revolution of 1917. Katia is the kind of woman whose life must be dipped into the life of someone else to take on color and meaning; she searches for direction through a whirl of first nights, lectures, wild parties and wilder ratiocinations. Dasha is a law student who lives in her sister's home. She tries to lead a more judicious life than Katia, but in the long run she too fails to subordinate herself to a definite purpose. Her ready intelligence, her arbitrary emotional reactions, her transition from chastity to passion, her charm, her very failings, make her one of the most rounded and most convincing young women in modern fiction.

Part II picks up the narrative at the end of 1917, but it drops the psychological problems of Dasha and Katia to deal with the gigantic struggles of the nation. Katia's and Dasha's husbands both take sides—different sides—but they make their choices without any clear perception of where they are going. The girl Dasha loses her baby, and is flung into a state of torpor and despair. The novel closes with the promise of a sequel. While their husbands fight at cross purposes in the civil war, the two sisters are still groping in a subjective existence that deprives them of perspective. But already Katia's husband is suspected of wearing "red drawers" beneath his White uniform, already the faint light of "dawn" gleams through the "darkness."

The simultaneous treatment of groups—on the battlefields, on the steppes, in the cities—hampers the sequence and power of Part II. Yet Tolstoy is able to make his characters emerge as individuals from the confusion of revolution and war. He can permit himself to be ironical because he is capable of pity; he can permit himself to write of confusion, greed, rape and banditry because he sees it on both sides and because, in condemning these things, he is making a frantic appeal for peace. It is a sign of Russian political self-confidence that this book, which indicts civil and imperialist war with equal fierceness, has sold 6,000,000 copies in the Soviet Union.

FRANCES VALENSI.

The Books Chaucer Read

The Education of Chaucer, illustrated from the School-books in Use in His Time, by George A. Plimpton. New York: The Oxford University Press. 185 pages. $2.

IN TEACHING Chaucer, the initial difficulty lies in the fact that students have no experience of the life he represents. Such experience can be supplied only from books and pictures, and it must be supplied before there can be any real understanding of the poet. It is, for example, most important to have a clear impression of the books that helped to form and to enrich his mind. This need is met by Mr. Plimpton's book in a way not used before—the reproduction, in more than a hundred fine plates, of manuscripts in Mr. Plimpton's library illustrating the education of Chaucer, with only so much comment as is needed to make the illustrations clear.

The manuscripts are remarkable for their range and value. The student of Chaucer will find, reproduced entire, a French primer which, though of the fifteenth century, represents the type of elementary textbook used by young Chaucer at school. The subject matter is, of course, entirely religious, but in the phrasing there appears a distinct awareness of the educational value of repetition:

> Le pere nest point le filz
> le filz nest point le saint esperit
> le saint esperit nest point le pere ne le filz—

and so throughout. Besides the French text there are several Latin hymns, including the "Alma Redemptoris Mater" of the Prioress' Tale.

Another primer reproduced entire is in English, from a manuscript almost old enough perhaps to have been used by little Alice Chaucer. It begins with the Christ-cross-row (alphabet with a cross before it), and proceeds to the Lord's Prayer: "Fadir owre that are in heuenes . . . oure eche dayes bred yeue vs to day . . ." in writing so plain that almost anyone can read it and enjoy its quaint and homely English. There is a fifteenth-century arithmetic in English, again reproduced entire. It deals with only the four fundamental processes (no fractions) and uses arabic numerals, still rather new in reckoning; but even so, its explanations, though systematic, would scarcely be lucid to a bright child today:

> Multyplycacion is no more but whan there is two numbrys put the fyndyng of the thyrd the whych conteynt the oon of them as ofte as there are vniteys in the other.

Perhaps "Lite Lewis my sone" (as spelled in Mr. Plimpton's fine early manuscript of the "Astrolabe") knew what it was all about if he could manage an astrolabe at the age of ten.

It is impossible here to do more than name a few of the fine manuscripts of books known to Chaucer: Donatus and Priscian (the standard Latin grammars); a splendid copy of Trevisa's translation of the "De Proprietatibus Rerum" of Bartholomeus Anglicus (a popular medieval Book of Knowledge); Aristotle, Boethius, Statius, Euclid, Ovid, Vergil, Cicero, Seneca; the "Roman de la Rose"; Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch and many more, including a fine copy of the "Confessio Amantis" by Chaucer's friend John Gower, which Chaucer certainly read. Special mention should be made of the interesting fragment of "The Canterbury Tales" used as the frontispiece.

EDITH RICKERT.

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Statesmen, Soldiers, Men of Letters

Thomas DeQuincey, by Horace Ainsworth Eaton. New York: The Oxford University Press. 555 pages. $5.

DeQuincey at Work, by William Hallam Bonner. Buffalo: Airport Publishers. 111 pages. $1.50.

NO LITERARY man was more given to confession and reminiscence than DeQuincey. From his autobiographical volumes, from hundreds of contemporary accounts, letters and other material, published and unpublished, Mr. Eaton has gathered all the available facts about him. It has taken a big book to reveal that diminutive gentleman, five hundred pages of narrative, letters and comment, all in all the most comprehensive and satisfying attempt yet made to pluck out the heart of his mystery.

Something of an introvert, shy and solitary, with perfect manners and socially at ease, DeQuincey, though friendly enough on occasion, was not easy to know. Discursive in his writing, he was excursive in his habits. He liked to escape. A string of serio-comic episodes trails his years of eluding creditors, episodes that add dramatic quality to a dreamer's career. DeQuincey's very unworldliness, however, was sometimes subtly guileful, and we must not think of him as merely childlike. "That child has been in hell," exclaimed Carlyle. Yes, in his face and in his written words, he bore the insignia of tragic strangeness. And this union of ingenuousness with sophistication, of childlike sincerity with philosophic reflection, gives one an impression of imperishable beauty and keen intellectual penetration.

Most cultivated readers know, of course, the rhythms of DeQuincey's impassioned prose, but not so many readers remember, if they ever knew, the more chastened style of his critical and philosophical essays. The magazine articles on his contemporaries, particularly Wordsworth and Coleridge, shocked many in that age of literary reticence. DeQuincey's essential modernity of manner in these frank appraisals of men living or just dead might, it seems to me, have been more emphasized as an outstanding contribution, for nowhere else is DeQuincey so much of a realist, so unmistakably a forerunner of the present-day biographer. Without being either a great philosopher or a great critic, he assuredly interpreted men and books with remarkable acumen and extraordinary charm. He was, above all, a great artist in prose—and as he wrote, so he talked.

These and other characteristics of Thomas DeQuincey, including certain facts unknown or suppressed by earlier biographers, as, for instance, his unfortunately delayed marriage, are clearly and authoritatively related in Mr. Eaton's fully documented volume. It is an achievement of solidity and thoroughness; sympathetic, judicial, and as nearly definitive as any biography can hope to be.

Professor Bonner's slender volume, "DeQuincey at Work," admirably supplements the larger book. It is a collection of letters from DeQuincey's three daughters to James T. Fields and his wife, of Boston, and from DeQuincey to James Hogg and his son, of Edinburgh, all written within the last ten years of his life. Fields was a member of the Boston publishing firm that issued the American edition of DeQuincey's works. DeQuincey's daughters carried on the negotiations between their father and Fields in a series of friendly letters, many of which are charming. The girls had the grace and humor of their father and were even better letter-writers. These letters give intimate glimpses of the household at "Mavis Bush," seven miles from Edinburgh, and are the sources of numerous DeQuincey anecdotes. The Hogg correspondence consists of a large number of rapid-fire notes from DeQuincey to the publishers of the first British edition of his works, to whose magazine he made his last contributions. DeQuincey was a prodigious note writer, and these daily communications show the hectic haste of the "old man descending pen and candle to the grave," amid the chaos of his Lothian Street den, fearful lest death overtake him before his work of revision was complete.

JOHN CALVIN METCALF.

Lafayette: A Life, by Andreas Latzko. Translated from the German by E. W. Dickes. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 414 pages. $3.

Rochambeau Father and Son: A Life of the Maréchal de Rochambeau, by Jean-Edmond Weelen, and the Journal of the Vicomte de Rochambeau. Translated by Lawrence Lee with a Preface by Gilbert Chinard. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 302 pages. $3.

MR. LATZKO'S volume is dedicated "To the martyrs of all the despotisms." And in the dedication lies the key to an understanding of the author's mind. A native Austrian surrounded by contemporary examples of arbitrary governments, Mr. Latzko has plainly found solace in tracing the career of an eighteenth-century victim of similar governments. So we have recounted once more the familiar story of Lafayette: the service in America, the abortive attempt to give France a liberal government, the flight in 1792, the imprisonment in Austria, the refusal to serve Napoleon, the virtual retirement under the Restoration, the participation in the founding of the July monarchy and the disillusionments of the last days. The facts, on the whole, are correct, although it is strange to read that DuPont de Nemours laid the foundations of the Bethlehem Steel Company and that Louis XVI smashed a chair in one of his "frequent fits of rage." This last suggests one of the chief faults of the book. Eager to make his hero appear in the best light possible, Latzko caricatures those who opposed him. Nor do his pages indicate that he has consulted modern works of scholarship. Many could as well have been written before 1900. As an antidote I venture to suggest Gottschalk's recent critical study, "Lafayette Comes to America." If we are ever to avoid having more martyrs of more despotisms, liberal writers will be needed to produce history with more care and more insight than does Mr. Latzko.

If historiography were not crowded with other examples of similar neglect, it would seem astonishing that the commander of the French armies in America during the War of Independence has had to wait until our own day for an adequate biography based on the sources. We have in truth been too preoccupied with Lafayette to inquire about Rochambeau. But such an inquiry brings rewards, as we learn in "Rochambeau Father and Son." Here is the story of a professional soldier long in the service who executed well his task of aiding the Americans. Besides contributing his military talent to this end (notably at Yorktown), Rochambeau took great pains to maintain harmonious relations between the French and American forces. He declared himself to be merely "the first soldier in the army of General Washington." At this time, of course, he acted in the name of his king. Later on, during the French Revolution,

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the old marshal served his new government with the same devotion. It need hardly be added, however, that not even Rochambeau with all his powers of tact and diplomacy could please for long the rulers of France under the Convention. After narrowly escaping the guillotine, he retired to his ancestral castle, never entering active service again. "Rochambeau Father and Son" is an unpretentious but sound book about an unpretentious man—a good soldier, kindly, shrewd about human nature and filling well the needs of his time. CARL LUDWIG LOKKE.

Victoria of England, by Edith Sitwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 349 pages. $3.50.

THERE is, of course, no accounting for a Sitwell, but the family has produced nothing less explicable than this book—which is not explicable at all if one assumes that Sitwells never stoop to pot-boiling. It is, the author says in her footnote, "only intended as a portrait of the Queen and some of her contemporaries, and as a record of certain social conditions." In view of the results, the "only" is ironic. The portrait is a blurred copy of Lytton Strachey's. The record of social conditions is composed of sentimental remarks on the Tolpuddle martyrs, quotations from Engels' "Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844," a list of some fifty perfumes, and other items that could be gathered in a day's work in a library. Almost fantastically shoddy, "Victoria of England" is none the less characteristic of a good deal of writing that comes out of England these days. It is a strange paradox that in Great Britain, where the rise of revolutionary literature seems uncommonly slow, the decline of the literature of the upper classes goes on with startling rapidity. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Genghis Khan, by Ralph Fox. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 298 pages, illustrated. $3.

THE BOOK opens with a statement of the key position held by Mongolia in the developing crisis in the Far East. With this beginning, the author forges a link between our world and the thirteenth-century world in which the Mongol conquest was the dominating and molding event. He then describes the toilsome way of a contemporary foot traveler over the hard lands of mid-Asia; and the geographical determinants of history in this enormous and singular area are, by that example and others, made plain to us. Following that, he gives us a sense of the two economies operating in this land, the nomadic and agricultural, and the relation between them of trade and war, resulting in cycles of settlement, conquest, empire and disintegration, and producing a social organization characterized by extremes of instability and exploitation. Upon this background, the figure of Genghis Khan, the historical symbol as well as the man, appears—we might say grows from it, for in such a treatment he becomes a product of the land, the people, the whole social circumstance. The Genghis Khan portrayed by Mr. Fox is something different from the pitiless conqueror, the builder of skull pyramids, the mere phenomenon of human excess that other historians presented to rouse our disgust or secret delight.

Many recent biographers who recognized that the private lives of public persons are the least part of the story, have sought conscientiously to fill their books with sociological facts. But, except in a few instances, the material was not animated by any principle that could set it in motion. Fox's book exemplifies the advantages of the Marxist approach. His Genghis is all the more human for being situated in the social conditions and destinies of his people, isolated from which he must inevitably appear inhuman or superhuman. Fox being a simple writer, capable of clear exposition and lively narrative, the biography reads fluently. It is not a matter of subject. A previous biography of Genghis that I read struck all the drums and cymbals, rustled through the harems, rang with arms, hissed with blood, made its hero a bigger and better Fu Manchu, but only succeeded in being noisily dull. Fox, on the other hand, makes fascinating subjects even out of trade routes and bills of lading. At one point he sets out seriously to debunk caravans, to strip them of their glamor, but what he actually does is to scrape off the paint and let them gleam in their true colors.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Fiction Notes

The Best Short Stories: 1936, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN HIS preface this year, Mr. O'Brien shows himself as pained by some harsh things that have been said about him in recent reviews. But I think he overestimates the ill will, failing to see that his annual bundle of treasures has become an institution, and that like any institution it ceases to be exciting. It isn't that the collections are bad, but that there is a growing awareness of the disparity between actual performance and the lyric somnolence with which it is heralded—and by means of which a certain amount of smugness and self-importance has been encouraged among some of the O'Brien repeaters. Among these thirty-one stories I found three that delighted me, but as always there was enough routine stuff to weigh them down —this eternal bright trying to have an exquisite or terrific experience on your typewriter, and make the Honor Roll with it. Among other services for which we are indebted to Mr. O'Brien's diligence is the gradual corroboration of what we must have suspected all along: namely, that while almost anybody can write a Best short story, it still takes something of a miracle to produce a truly good one.

O. F.

A Horse in Arizona, by Louis Paul. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This is a contradictory book and one of its greatest contradictions is that despite a lot of well grounded objections you can enjoy it and enjoy it a good deal. It fools you after a bad opening. Old stuff in the trenches, talk about "hot mama-zelles" and all that, and the hero's literary spoutings in the presence of his illiterate comrades. From the conversation of the hero, Resin Scaeterbun, you deduce a love of the profane writers and smell out the author's hope to do a book in the Hearty Tradition. And that's no go. Yet when Scaeterbun gets back to his native soil, where Louis Paul is more at home, things pick up a bit. The spurious Rabelaisianism comes to life again only occasionally and Louis Paul tells a good hard funny American story in native terms. The names of the people in the book are almost all downright bad, yet the people themselves are given a bright being by the drive of the narrative. And while some of the incidents have a custard-pie cheapness, many of them are authentically comic. Scaeterbun himself is really serious at bottom; his humor is often the bitterness of the thwarted. He may be fairly autobiographical despite the obvious exaggeration of the fable: he at least has Louis Paul's bulk, and the last line of the story carries a heavy hint that seems more than a trick. It apparently wants to

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make you think that Scaeterbun, after his years of restlessness and wandering, found a way out through "art."

H. T. M.

Choose a Bright Morning, by Hillel Bernstein. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

This example of satire is not too funny or too devastating. On the contrary, the attack is mild and often gentle. Mr. Bernstein places a naïve young American millionaire in a totalitarian state, and then proceeds to muff his best situations. He scarcely plumbs the insane-asylum episode (the asylum is the last refuge of freedom of opinion), and he hurries by the stampede to the concentration camps (brought on by the success of propaganda about the happiness there). The trouble is partly that a good deal of stock American humor is plastered on situations that are purely totalitarian. Thus the American exclaims: "Down with serial numbers, alphabets, uniforms, censorship, propaganda, ideology, racial destiny, national destiny and all other eyewash." The joke—need one say?—rests upon eyewash, and the object of attack is unhappily a good deal more than eyewash. One does not refer to monsters as eyewash. The humor is thus not proportionate to its subject matter; and Mr. Bernstein is really turning upon himself when one character points out that it is dangerous to regard fascism as a comic strip. Fascism may be the great satiric subject of our time, but that is another matter.

D. S.

A Correction

In The New Republic for August 12, B. H. Haggin's review of Irving Kolodin's "The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1935" criticized the book as containing "too many details of costs." The phrase should have been: "too many details of casts."

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, London correspondent for The New Republic, has written numerous books and articles dealing with history, economics and international affairs.

George Dangerfield, author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England," was formerly literary editor of Vanity Fair.

Newton Arvin is an associate professor of English at Smith College. He is working on a book about Walt Whitman.

Paul Weiss, editor of the "Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce," is associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr. He is now at work on a volume of systematic philosophy.

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Edith Rickert lectures on Literature at the University of Chicago. She is the author of "The Old English Offa Saga," "The Reaper" and several other works of criticism and fiction.

John Calvin Metcalf is professor of English Literature and dean of the Graduate School at the University of Virginia. He has written and edited numerous books in the fields of English and American literature and is a member of the editorial board of The Virginia Quarterly Review.

Carl Ludwig Lokke is a graduate of the University of California and has lectured in History at Columbia University. He is the author of "France and the Colonial Question."

Granville Hicks, author of "The Great Tradition," is now writing a book on English literature during the last half-century.

C. Hartley Grattan is at present working on a socio-economic study of war in the contemporary world. His books include "Why We Fought," a study of America's entry into the World War.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Otis Ferguson, Harry Thornton Moore and Delmore Schwartz.

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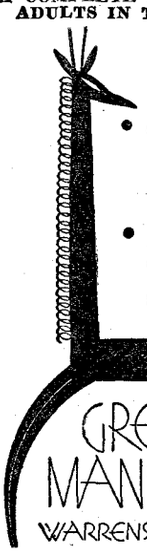

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